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JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, ESQ.

THE decease of such a man as Joseph John Gurney ought not to be unnoticed in our pages. Very dear to us was his friendship; very lovely was his deportment; large were his attainments; exalted was his piety; intense was his love to God and his neighbor; and eminently useful was his life in promoting the glory of his Redeemer, and the welfare of mankind. Upon the death of his sister, Mrs. Fry, we expressed our intention of offering some memorial of that much esteemed Christian and philanthropist, and we had collected materials for the purpose; but her family having announced that an authentic memoir was in preparation, we laid aside our papers, and awaited that publication; which, however, has not yet appeared.

We are enabled to give some account of the life of Mr. Gurney, from an able sketch which was drawn up by a friend for a journal circulated in his neighborhood, "The Norfolk News;" and it will be a suitable introduction to this narrative, to refer back to the frequent mention of him in our own pages. These occasional notices will show the manner in which he emerged beyond the particular society of Christians with which he was specially connected, and became extensively known and loved throughout the whole circle of the churches of Christ.

The first time we recollect alluding to him, was in our volume for 1821, in quoting a portion of an address which he delivered at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society with extraordinary fervor, eloquence, and devoutness. The portion of his speech which we quoted, and which was eminently characteristic of his habitual feelings, was that in which he urged that the meetings of Bible societies should be conducted with perfect simplicity, and with careful abstinence from vain eulogy. "We do not come here," said he, "to panegyrize man, but to acknowledge the unmerited mercies of our God and Saviour." "We come," he continued, "to acknowledge as in the dust, that we have all sinned and come short of his glory, and that, so far from having any degree of merit for what we have done, we have cause to lament that we have done so little." At the same time he asserted the duty of expressing gratitude to those who conducted important public labors, and remarked, that the Scriptures which the Society distributed, "While they teach us to fear God, teach us also to give honor where honor is due; tribute to whom tribute is due, respect where respect is due." No man could be more courteous in his own conduct than our esteemed friend; his personal attentions to those with whom he had intercourse were singularly delicate and attractive; and he was only not a courtier because he was something better;—his natural politeness being grounded upon overflowing love, a respectful feeling of deference, and a desire to make all around him unconstrained and happy, yet tempered by the straightforward sincerity which the Society of Friends so strongly inculcate, and

unalloyed by that rough bluntness, to which, if unguarded, it may degenerate.

We met him again in our volume for 1824, in the bulletins of the Paris Bible Society, from which we translated the interesting account which Admiral Count Ver Huell gave of the addresses at the London anniversary in that year, at which he was present. We well recollect that meeting; which was one of the most interesting of those annual festivals of Christian affection. The addresses of Lord Teignmouth, the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Charles Grant, Mr. Gurney, and others, were excellent; but two or three incidents will never be forgotten by those who were present on the occasion. The one was the appearance of the Earl of Roden for the first time at that solemnity, under circumstances which deeply affected his auditors. In the course of his remarks he mentioned that he knew at Dublin a man of the world, immersed in the business and the pleasures of life, who from curiosity went to a Bible society meeting; but false shame induced him to sit down in a corner that he might not be recognized. What he heard struck his soul so forcibly, that he said to himself, "If these things are true, and I do not follow them, I am a lost man; my past life has all been wrong." He began to read the Scriptures, became a penitent, and was brought home to the flock of Christ. Bursting into tears, his lordship added, "I am that individual;" or words to that effect; and there were few present from whom those manly tears did not extort a kindred tribute.

Another incident was the presentation of the Chinese translation of the Bible by Dr. Morrison, the bulky volumes being held by his son, a child of ten years of age.

A third incident was that when the president introduced Admiral Count Ver Huell, whose touching remarks were received with loud plaudits: Admiral Lord Gambier came forward, and shook hands affectionately with him, declaring that this was the first time they had met since they were defying each other at the cannon's mouth in the service of their respective countries.

Having thus introduced Admiral Ver Huell, we will quote what he said of Mr. Gurney's address. "Among other speakers, Mr. Gurney, a banker, of the sect of Quakers, and a brother of that comforter of the afflicted, Mrs. Fry, particularly distinguished himself. He described with an overpowering warmth of feeling the advantages of Bible associations, and the duty imposed upon every Christian of endeavoring to contribute to the propagation of Christianity. One would not have supposed, from the brilliancy of his eloquence, that he belonged to the Society of Friends, who are generally very calm in their speech and deportment; but one might discover by it the profound conviction which animated him, and his great energy electrified the whole meeting."

In the same volume, we held our first intercourse with Mr. Gurney as an author, in a review of his "Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Society of Friends." We could not feel satisfac-

tion in many of the statements in that work, which were characterized by the errors of Penn and Barclay. With regard to the Holy Spirit, he did not set forth his distinct personal existence; and in speaking of "the inward light," as the Quakers call it, he seemed to acknowledge an internal revelation, not depending upon the revealed word of God; and in attributing this to the Holy Spirit, he went far towards symbolizing heathens and Christians together; as for instance, where he cited the case of the eastern sect of the Saadhas as being manifestly under the influence of a divine morality. He never, we believe, upon some few points, expressed himself with that scriptural explicitness which is found in the creeds and other formularies of all orthodox churches;—for to have done so, he must have ceased to be a Quaker;—nor did he ever admit that he had changed his opinions upon these matters; but we think that his views became increasingly scriptural; and that when he was not specifically setting forth the doctrines of the Friends, he expressed himself with evangelical clearness.

If we grieved to meet so good a man upon sectarian ground in the above-mentioned treatise, we had shortly after the pleasure of finding him treating of the common salvation in his "Essays on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Practical Operations of Christianity," which we reviewed in 1826. There was very little in this volume which betrayed the advocate of a separating community. The writer rose into the pure region of the gospel, and "breathed empyreal air;" and his sound, solid, scriptural statements, we have reason to believe, were greatly blessed in inducing many members of the religious society with which he was connected, to adopt more clear and scriptural opinions upon many subjects than those which had heretofore characterized Quakerism.

In our volume for 1835 there was a lengthened discussion respecting the opinions of the Quakers, in consequence of the strictures of Mr. Crewdson and others upon their doctrines. In this controversy, Mr. Gurney took a share; and we had the satisfaction of expressing our conviction of his own essential soundness in the faith, though he did not carry conviction to our minds that his brethren generally held equally scriptural opinions. In our remarks we had occasion to allude to his "Portable Evidences of Christianity," and his treatise on "The Habitual Exercise of Love to God considered as a Preparative for Heaven." He had by this time quite overcome the Quakerish objections to orthodox language in speaking of the Holy Spirit as a Person, and in vindicating his divinity. His language was scriptural and explicit.

In 1838 we referred to his "Sabbatical Verses." We do not consider that he was a poet of a very high order; but we might select from that volume, and from others of his verses, some effusions which evince taste and feeling, attuning devout ideas to the voice of melody. We will venture upon an illustration.

"THE PAVILION.

"For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion."
(Ps. xxvii. 5.)

"Pavilions and palaces rise o'er the land,
And noble and wealthy are they that command
The pleasure and pomp of the world;
Delicious their viands and glowing their wine,
And gorgeous and dazzling the emblems that shine
On the banner by monarchs unfurled.

But vain is their honor, and brief is their day,
And the presage of night overhangs its display;
They riot to wither and die;
No charm can enliven the house of the dead,
Their banquet is past, and the cold worm is fed
Where princes and potentates lie.

The glory that here to the worldling is given,
Like meteors that gleam in the dark vaults of heaven,
Is lost in a moment to sight;
The sheen of the jewels, the glare of the crown,
When the angel of death mows the lofty one down,
Are quenched in the shadows of night.

There is a pavilion the world cannot see,
Of heavenly structure, appointed for thee,
Thou child of affliction and fears;
Dismayed as thou art at the sight of thy sin,
'Tis thine a compassionate Saviour to win,
Who wept, and can pity thy tears.

Though the troubler of Israel come in like a flood,
Thy pardon is sealed with Immanuel's blood,
Immanuel calls thee his own;
He quiets the storm of the penitent breast,
And under his shadow permits thee to rest,
Till he waft thee away to his throne.

How soft is that shadow, how sure its defence,
How transcendent its joys o'er the pleasures of sense,
Like the joys of the angels above!
His table with spiritual dainties is spread,
The wine of the kingdom, the heavenly bread,
And his banner is INFINITE LOVE."

In 1844, we introduced to our readers a very pleasing and useful book, entitled, "Thoughts on Habit and Discipline," the writer of which, we said, not having affixed his name to it, we were not at liberty to announce it; but the author could hardly fail to be recognized, when we added, "The volume will be perused with more of discriminating intelligence, and some of its statements and arguments will acquire additional weight, if we mention that it proceeds from a member of the Society of Friends, to whom, and to some of whose relatives, the world is indebted for many zealous and unwearied 'works of faith and labors of love;'—from one whose name is not only of British, but of European and American, estimation; whose philanthropic and Christian exertions have soothed the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner; whose voice and pen have made known the wrongs, and pleaded for the rights, of the helpless slave; and who has endeavored to imitate the blessed example of our Divine Lord and Master in going about doing good." We said not this to prepare the reader for a heavy drawback of sectarian peculiarity; but to show how carefully the writer had endeavored to adhere to the broad highway of truth; yet at the same time to account for the introduction of a few remarks and topics, the full scope of which might not be apparent, without an intimation of the author's special predilections. But those predilections added weight to some portions of his volume, as addressed especially to members of the religious society with which he was connected, seeing that he took more enlarged views on several subjects than do some of his brethren who had not his extensive opportunities of consorting with the wise and the good of various communions, and in distant lands. Many of the suggestions were very far

indeed from being what might be called Quakerish; for they related to gesture and carriage; good manners and politeness; the due use of wit and imagination; and the importance of classical studies. On this last subject he said: "I cannot entirely agree in the opinion of those persons who complain of the many hours, in each passing day, which are devoted, in most of our schools, to *Latin and Greek*. True indeed it is, that a number of modern languages, and various branches of philosophy and science, appear at first sight to present superior claims, in point of utility; but I believe that no man who has imbibed, at school, an accurate knowledge of Latin and Greek, will regret the hours which have been devoted to the pursuit. Not only will he find the polish of classical literature a real advantage, and its treasures worth enjoying; not only will his acquaintance with these languages facilitate the acquirement of others; but the habits of study which he has obtained in the pursuit, will have given him a *mastery* over learning, which he will afterwards find it easy to apply to any of its departments."

We had reason to know how much his mind was impressed with the importance of the introduction of an improved system of education generally among the well-conditioned classes of British society, and especially in his own religious community; for at the very time when we were writing our remarks upon this book, we were enjoying personal intercourse with him in the island of Jersey, where, occupied though he was with "teetotal" meetings, anti-slave-grown sugar addresses, and (not to use the epithet invidiously) Quaker meetings, as well as with Bible society and other labors, there was a better opportunity of learning his opinions, and witnessing his spirit, while visiting with him schools, jails, and other institutions, than in the casual intercourse of the bustling metropolis. One short passage from his book expresses strikingly his views respecting education, regarded as the training of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, for time and eternity.

"As our education of children ought to be in strict conformity to the will and purpose of our Father in Heaven, manifested to us in Nature, in Providence, and in scripture, so it should be conducted, in all its parts, and especially in the part last alluded to, in the feeling of unqualified dependence on *divine aid*. The educator ought, with all diligence of soul, to seek for the enlightening and enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit. These he will find to be the grand qualifying power, under which all his own faculties and acquirements will be rightly applied to the work which he has in hand. And having thus cast himself on the help of the Lord, he must quietly wait for the results of his efforts, even as 'the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain.'"

As lately as our volume for 1845 Mr. Gurney addressed to us a letter in reply to the inquiry of one of our correspondents, "What is Quakerism?" He said that Bishop Beveridge and Bishop Burnet, who had been quoted in our pages as showing the opinions of Fox, Barclay, and the great body of the Society of Friends, upon the doctrine of the resurrection, and other important points, were guilty of "gross and unfounded aspersions;" a statement which obliged us to confirm their testimony by that of Leslie and other writers, who deposed to facts within their own knowledge. We

expressed ourselves as grateful to our much-esteem'd friend for what by the divine blessing he had been the means of effecting towards elevating the tone of doctrine in the society of which he was a bright ornament, and we were glad of his authority in appealing to those of his brethren who do not rise to his standard; but truth obliged us to aver that the great mass of Quaker writing does not correspond to his clearer views. Indeed, it is well known that his publications were read at first with distrust and dissent by many of his brethren; and if the fact is otherwise now, the improvement is in no small degree owing to the influence of those very writings, conjoined with his zealous personal instructions and exhortations, and the passing away of the generation of Quakers who were educated in a very different school, before the intercourse of Bible societies, anti-slavery societies, and other works of piety and philanthropy, had brought the Quakers extensively into intercourse with many of their evangelical brethren of other denominations.

Mr. Gurney was the author of other publications, as a "Familiar Sketch of William Wilberforce," "Terms of Union in the Bible Society," "A Winter in the West Indies," to some of which we referred as the subjects to which they related passed before us; but there was one publication which he had the kindness and the delicacy not to send us, and which we never saw, or read a single page of; we mean his "Puseyism traced to its root, in a view of the papal and hierarchal systems as compared with the religion of the New Testament;" in which, as we have heard, his Quakerism is rampant for the discomfiture of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, but most especially of Episcopacy, and everything connected with a standing order of the sacred ministry. Alas, Joseph John Gurney! Nothing human is perfect.

The history of an author, it is said, is the history of his works; and if Mr. Gurney had been merely an author, our notice of him might here close. But our respected friend was not a closet divine or philanthropist, but a man of zealous and active exertions, who, like his divine Lord, "went about doing good;" and whose time, talents and property were largely expended in promoting "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

We will now lay before our readers the substance of the memoir to which we have alluded; so far as not anticipated by our own remarks. The writer appears to be a dissenter; and we do not make ourselves responsible for his opinions. It will be remembered that we are tracing the life of a Quaker;—a devout, candid, and liberal Quaker—but still a Quaker *withal*.

For nearly two centuries the house of Gurney has possessed influence in Norwich. Joseph John Gurney, the third son of John and Catherine Gurney, the sister of Priscilla Wakefield, was born in Earldam Hall, on the 2d of August, 1788. A person of the same name, one of his ancestors, and a member of the Society of Friends, appears from the record of "The Sufferings of the People called Quakers," to have been a prisoner, with several others, in Norwich gaol, in 1683, for refusing to take an oath. The Waller Bacon, of Earldam, who committed him, was at that time resident in the very hall which the descendants of the persecuted prisoner now occupy. The father of our lamented friend, an extensive dealer in hand-spun yarn, became subsequently a partner in the banking busi-

ness. He was a man of active mind and habits; public spirited and benevolent; and his house at Earlham was a scene of hospitality. The care of a family of eleven children devolved almost entirely upon his wife, who possessed an enlarged and well cultivated mind, with a refined taste, and high conscientiousness. As she died in 1792, her son Joseph was soon deprived of maternal care, and his yet infant years were committed to the intelligent and affectionate training of his three elder sisters; one of whom, who still survives, supplied, as far as a sister could supply, a mother's place; and another of whom, the late Mrs. Fry, had probably no small degree of influence in inspiring his mind with those principles, which she herself afterwards so nobly carried out into beneficent practice. During the earlier years of this interesting family, true religion had not the controlling and sanctifying power over their minds which it subsequently acquired. They had not yet perceived the vanity, or experienced the vexations, of the world; their path was sunshine; and their literary tastes, elegant accomplishments, and the hospitality of their father, rendered Earlham Hall an attractive centre, to which many of the gentry and nobility repaired, and where the late Duke of Gloucester was a welcome and delighted visitor.

When the education of our friend ceased to be conducted at home, it was intrusted to the Rev. J. H. Browne, a clergyman at Hingham, about twelve miles from Earlham; and it was subsequently matured at Oxford, where he had an excellent private tutor, the Rev. John Rogers, a man of varied learning; and where he attended the lectures of the professors, and enjoyed many of the valuable privileges of the University, though without becoming a member of it, and without subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles. He had always a strong desire for knowledge, and great promptness and facility both in its acquisition and impartation; and his classical, mathematical, and general attainments, if they did not entitle him to the rank of first-rate scholarship, were highly respectable. He had an extensive acquaintance with the Hebrew and Syriac languages, as well as with classics, mathematics, and general science. Attached, even in early life, to biblical studies, he had critically read the Old and New Testaments in the original languages, in the Syriac Paschito, and in the Latin vulgate, before he was twenty-two years of age; and he was well acquainted with Rabbinical and Patristic writings. His early studies were pursued and matured in after life, and all the intellectual wealth and power which they afforded, were consecrated to the advancement of truth and piety in himself and others. In person he was tall, erect and manly; and his countenance, which seemed the bright abode of combined intelligence and goodness, exhibited much attractive loveliness in his youth. He was an object of admiration and attachment to his juvenile acquaintance; and when we consider the sweetness of his disposition, his social sympathies, and his bright worldly prospects, we may gratefully acknowledge that his preservation from the powers of temptation, was an evidence of the divine care and mercy.

The clerical tutorship by which he was trained, and the ecclesiastical attractions of Oxford, produced in his mind some questioning respecting the system of Quakerism, and some bias towards the Established Church. This state of hesitation, however, did not long continue. "Although I enjoyed a birth-right in the society," says he, in

his "Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Friends," "my situation, after I had arrived at years of discretion, was of a nature which rendered it, in rather an unusual degree, incumbent upon me to make my own choice of a particular religious course. Under these circumstances, I was led, partly by research, but chiefly I trust by a better guidance, to a settled preference on my own account of the religious profession of Friends." "I have reason to be thankful," he says, in his "Thoughts on Habit and Discipline," "that I was trained from very early years in the habit of uniting with my friends in public worship, some one morning in the middle part of the week, as well as on the Sabbath day. Thus to break away from the cares and pursuits of business, at a time when the world around us is full of them, I have found to be peculiarly salutary; and can now acknowledge with truth, that the many hours so spent have formed one of the happiest, as well as the most edifying portions of my life."

Some of his juvenile years were consecrated to Sunday-school teaching, chiefly for the purpose of instructing a class of young persons in scriptural religion; and some men of reputation and usefulness now in Norwich, were once children in his "first day" school. From that time forward, he was an enlightened and zealous advocate and laborer in the cause of popular education. The public school at Ackworth, as well as other schools, belonging to the Society of Friends, received his attention and support; and he composed, for the use of his pupils, "A Plan of Scriptural Instruction," which embraces a compendious system of Scripture history, doctrines, and duties. He was also a warm admirer and a liberal supporter of the British school system; and many parts of the country can bear witness to the liberality with which he assisted in the erection and maintenance of public schools. One of his latest acts was, to attend the annual examination of the British school, in Palace street, Norwich; and at the close of the engagement, a map of England and Wales, which some of the boys had drawn out, was presented to him in the name of the school, as a testimony of the respect and gratitude of the children. His affectionate heart was delighted with the gift. He thanked them all most heartily; and, alas! for human plans and foresight, he kindly promised that all the boys should visit Earlham, some fine day in summer, when they might play in the plantation, and walk through the beautiful garden. "In that garden there is now a sepulchre!"

Having, in early life, been brought under the influence of religion, he became desirous to be the means of imparting its instructions and blessings to others; and, therefore, after the usual preliminary proceedings, he became an acknowledged minister in the Society of Friends in the year 1818. His ministry, notwithstanding its accordance with the principles and peculiarities of the Friends, was evangelical and influential in a high degree. The gifts of nature, the acquisitions of study, and, above all, the graces of the divine Spirit, eminently qualified him to preach the word with unction, persuasiveness, and power. As the Friends distinguished between teaching and preaching, he could consistently make previous preparation for the former, and such discourses especially were exceedingly clear, well arranged, and peculiarly adapted to the occasion and the auditory. The simplicity of his style, the appropriateness of his illustrations, the telling words which he occasionally

introduced, the ease and gracefulness of his manner, and the deep and honest interest which he always manifested in the subject of his address, rendered him a most attractive and persuasive speaker; and whenever he rose on the platform, at our public meetings, every heart throbbed, and every eye sparkled, in anticipation of his speech.

It was his habit, when travelling in the discharge of that ministry, to take the opportunity of going into general society, as the advocate and promoter of various religious and philanthropic objects. One of his earliest journeys, undertaken in 1818, in company with his sister, Mrs. Fry, was devoted to an investigation of the state of the prisons in Scotland and the north of England; the results of which were given to the public, in a volume of well selected facts, accompanied with wise and benevolent suggestions on the subject of *prison discipline*. A similar journey to Ireland was taken by the same parties in the spring of 1827, and an account of it was published by Mr. Gurney in "A Report addressed to the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;" in which he recommends a course of prison discipline, the great objects of which are, "first, to prevent the criminal from growing worse; and, secondly, if possible, to effect in his character a real improvement." Upwards of forty prisons were visited by them, besides the principal lunatic asylums, infirmaries, houses of industry, and other establishments, for the relief of the most wretched part of that ever afflicted population. This visit was very interesting to him; and, on his return, he related, in his own playful manner, several anecdotes respecting the salutations with which he was greeted by the warm-hearted Irish in some of the towns, when he was seen walking arm-in-arm with the priests, in making his visits of mercy; and also respecting the influence produced by the chant of Mrs. Fry's voice, in those religious meetings, at which both priests and people attended—an influence which was felt not in Ireland only, nor in England only; for when she was addressing a large company of orphans on the continent, one of the German princes in attendance was so wrought upon, that he cried aloud, "C'est le don de Dieu." The following sentence, which occurs towards the close of his report, though written twenty years ago, is a word in season even now. "Were the poor of Ireland, instead of being reduced by high rents, miserably low wages, uncertain tenure, and want of employment, to a condition of misery and disaffection—and, then, in the end, driven off the land in a state of despair—were they, instead of suffering all this oppression, kindly treated, properly employed and remunerated, and encouraged to cultivate small portions of land at a moderate rent, on their own account, there can be little question that they would gradually become valuable members of the community, and would be as much bound to their superiors by the tie of gratitude, as they are now severed from them by ill-will and revenge."

The friend of the prisoner could not be expected to become the enemy of the slave; and the name of Joseph John Gurney will ever be associated with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, Macaulay, and others, in the noble roll of abolitionists. The termination of the slave-trade by the British Parliament in 1807, left slavery existing in our colonies, and the trade itself was still practised by foreign nations. The extension of the cause of abolition, and the emancipation of our own slaves in the West Indies, were, therefore, objects still inviting the wisdom,

courage, and self-denial of the friends of freedom and humanity; and the subject of this memoir cheerfully gave up heart, and soul, and purse, to the effort. In January, 1824, a short time after his brother-in-law, Fowell Buxton, had brought the subject of colonial slavery before the House of Commons, Mr. Gurney was mainly instrumental in collecting a meeting in the Guildhall at Norwich, where he delivered a speech, which he afterwards published, replete with sound argument, and warm-hearted philanthropy. The public mind in that city had been prepared for that meeting, by a visit paid by Thomas Clarkson, whose conversation and addresses established and animated Mr. Gurney's mind on the subject. At a county meeting, in the following year, at which the high sheriff presided, the eloquence of Lord Suffield, Buxton, and others, united with his own, not only in silencing the objections advanced by Lord Wodehouse, but in obtaining a petition for "the immediate mitigation, and, with as little delay as possible, the final and entire abolition of British Colonial Slavery." And at another meeting of the inhabitants of Norwich, a month afterwards, a society for the abolition of slavery was instituted. Before that year closed he was found advocating the cause at a general meeting of the anti-slavery society in Freemason's Hall, London, at which Wilberforce, Brougham, Buxton, Mackintosh, Denman, and Lushington, were his associates. His speeches on these exciting topics, were a fine manifestation of gentlemanly courtesy and Christian forbearance. While his indignation burned against the atrocious system itself, he called no fire from heaven upon either the mistaken or the guilty men by whom it was upheld. It was this "speaking the truth in love," as well as his commanding talents and influential circumstances, that qualified him so completely for a leader in every worthy cause, on whose judgment and temper all parties could repose with entire confidence. "While it is undoubtedly our Christian duty," says he, in his letters on the West Indies, "to avoid the least concession of principle on the subject of slavery, the use of harsh epithets and violent language towards the slaveholder is not only objectionable in itself, but has often an injurious effect in arming them against our arguments, and of thus injuring the progress of our cause. I have, therefore, thought it best to observe towards them the terms and usages of Christian courtesy; and, I believe, there are many of these persons in the United States, who are increasingly disposed to enter upon a fair consideration of the subject." When he was thus laboring in the cause of emancipation, he was in the fulness and maturity of his physical and intellectual powers; and those who were associated with him in the spirit-stirring work, now look back with gratitude on the successful termination of that glorious struggle for human right and liberty, by which eight hundred thousand of our fellow-creatures were delivered from the chain, and the scourge, and the sting of slavery.

But when emancipation had been thus gained, and even when the apprentice system had been abandoned, the extinction of slavery, in the British colonies, served to deepen his interest in the slave of other lands. His volume of "Familiar Letters to Henry Clay, of Kentucky," describes from his own observation the benefits which had followed emancipation in the West Indies, and advocates therefrom the safety and desirableness of terminating slavery in America. These "Letters," addressed to an anti-abolitionist, were occasioned by

a winter spent in the West Indies, in connection with his visit to America in 1839; and contain much information, written in an attractive style, respecting the scenery, productions, general society and religious condition of the various islands; published, says he, "in the hope that the lighter parts of the work may serve to amuse the younger class of my readers, on both sides the Atlantic, and lead them on to the consideration of those graver points, so deeply interesting in the present day, which it is my principal purpose to develop and express."

The plans suggested and advocated by Sir Fowell Buxton on behalf of Africa, including the *Niger expedition*, gained his hearty approbation and his liberal aid; except indeed, "those vile guns" by which it was to be defended in time of need; which were a sore trouble to him, and which made him reflect and hesitate for some time, before he found he could consistently support the scheme. The public meeting held in Norwich for its support, was painfully tumultuous; being attended by a great number of operatives, at that time much exasperated by their own sufferings, and by the inflammatory falsehoods of a violent and wicked leader. Not one of the speakers—not even he, could be heard. He had set his heart on that meeting; he hoped it would tend to lessen the mass of human crime and misery; he had been at great expense as well as labor in preparing for it; but he kept his temper admirably amidst "the tumult of the people;" and though he no doubt keenly felt the disappointment which their unreasonable opposition occasioned, he meekly said to a friend, "Well, there has been a great storm, but it's a comfort, thou knowest, that we have passed the resolutions."

It is scarcely possible for a man of intelligence and generous sympathies, to be wholly indifferent to politics. Joseph John Gurney, at all events, was not so. By education and conviction, he early became a staunch advocate of civil and religious freedom, and, on many occasions, fearlessly asserted the inalienable right of man to think for himself. For several years after he attained to manhood, he took some part in the electoral struggles of Norwich. Electioneering, however, connected, as it then too much was, with party spirit and corrupt practices, soon became unpalatable to him, and he gradually withdrew from the political arena; not, however, until he had made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to abolish, by mutual agreement between the antagonist party leaders, the system of bribery, so long and so shamefully prevalent in Norwich. That he continued to the last, firm in his allegiance to the political principles of his youth, no one will be disposed to question, who remembers his distinct avowal of them at the great anti-Maynooth meeting, held in St. Andrew's Hall, in 1844; or his adhesion to the doctrines of the League, on the occasion of Mr. Cobden's first visit to Norwich. In politics, however, as well as in everything else, he was swayed by love to his neighbor, and fidelity to the law of God.

As he was opposed to *capital punishments*, both on principle as a Quaker, and on feeling as a philanthropist, he took a decided and active part in every effort for their abolition, and anxiously and laboriously interested himself in the case of several criminals in the city, who had been condemned to death. In connection with the late Lord Suffield, he strenuously, though unsuccessfully, endeavored to obtain a reprieve for a man of the name of Belsham; and in the unpublished volume of his lordship's life, there is a letter from Mr. Gurney,

containing an account of his last visit to the poor culprit the day before his execution, in which it is said, "He wept much, but in the midst of his weeping, he displayed a quietness and a steadiness which will, I believe, go far to disarm death of its terrors. May the holy arm of Omnipotence be near to support him in the moment of deepest trial. May God have mercy upon him, through Jesus Christ." In the case of another man who was sentenced to death for burglary, some circumstances, favorable to the prisoner, came to our friend's knowledge, which as soon as he had ascertained to be correct, he hired a post chaise; travelled all night to London, taking with him the principal witness on the trial; had an interview with the judge and the secretary of state; and happily obtained an order for commutation of punishment, which he brought to Norwich in time to save the man's life. Nearly eighteen years ago, one Stratford was found guilty of murder, for sending a bag of poisoned flour to the workhouse, by which one person, though not the person he intended, was destroyed. Mr. Gurney frequently visited him previously to his execution, and subsequently published an account of him in a tract, of which more than twenty thousand were circulated. His opposition to capital punishments was connected with a hatred of war of all kinds, and under all circumstances. He was a zealous supporter of the *Peace Society*, and took every suitable opportunity of diffusing its principles, both at home and abroad. He also became, nearly four years ago, a pledged member of *The Temperance Society*; and at one of its public meetings he gave an elaborate address to show the physical as well as moral evils which are produced by intoxicating drinks.

We have run on at considerable length with these interesting statements, without interposing any remark where we might have added some note of difference of opinion upon certain of the points touched upon. We had intended to close our citations and comments in our present paper; but there are some particulars in reserve which will justify our recurring to the subject.

From the same, for March.

It has usually been our plan to confine our memoirs and obituaries to pious members of our own church. This restriction did not originate in any narrow sectarian spirit, or in an unwillingness to admire and profit by whatever was holy and exemplary wherever it was to be found; but in a wish to maintain consistency, and to avoid unnecessary disputation. It is expected of us, in a publication conducted by members of the Anglican communion, that we should faithfully maintain those doctrinal principles, and also those views respecting the right form and order of a church, which, after careful consideration, we believe to be grounded upon the warranty of inspired writ; and we could not satisfactorily, or for edification, relate the particulars of a man's life, and give a sketch of his opinions, without offering some remark upon them. The very tone of the narration would be a running comment; where we did not approve we must dissent; and thus would arise controversy, which we should instinctively shun over a new-made grave.

We have seldom deviated from our usual rule, without having reason to learn that for the most part it was wise one. When upon the decease of some eminent individual—whether of our own church or any other—in whose religious opinions we could not concur, we have mingled our sym-

ties with the public voice, without particularly discussing the important points of difference which came before us, we have not failed to be told that we were timid, false-hearted, or truckling; and that we ought not to have lost so favorable an opportunity for setting forth truth and exposing error. On the other hand, when we have touched, however tenderly, upon varieties of opinion, we have prosecuted an invidious task, giving pain perhaps to bereaved friends, and seeming to volunteer criticism where, if we did not wholly approve, we might have been silent.

We cannot say that our notice last month of our deceased friend, Joseph John Gurney, has proved altogether an exception to these remarks. We thought that of such a man a memoir might be penned calculated to interest and benefit his fellow Christians of every name; yet it would have been inconsistent with Christian honesty and simplicity, if in speaking of his many excellencies we had entirely shrunk from bearing our testimony against the very serious errors of the Quaker system, which though kept, in the pious and scripturally-enlightened mind of a Gurney, from running into anti-evangelical tendencies, degenerates in the writings of a Howitt, and we fear of a Penn, to the verge of Pantheism. The Pantheists warmly eulogize the Quakers as very sensible rational men, whose religion is adherence to an infallible standard of truth in their own mind, which the Pantheist has no objection to their calling "the light within," emanating from the divine spirit.

We are asked on the one hand, whether it was right that we should speak with so much approbation as we did of the religious principles of one "who rejected both of Christ's holy sacraments," "denied that he had instituted an ordained ministry in his church," and whom even the "Evangelical Alliance" "refused to embrace in its wide grasp as holding evangelical opinions on some of the essential doctrines of the gospel." On the other hand, we are asked whether it was necessary or kind to interperse our running comment of eulogy upon his conduct and writings, with notes of difference; and especially to say that in his work entitled "Puseyism traced to its root, in a View of the Papal and Hierarchical Systems as compared with the Religion of the New Testament," we had heard that "Quakerism was rampant for the discomfiture of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, but most especially of Episcopacy, and everything connected with a standing order of the sacred ministry." He delicately refrained from sending us the book; and we peacefully avoided reading it; but when forced to enumerate it among the titles of his publications, (for it would have been dishonest to have suppressed all mention of it,) we could not say less than the above of a book of which we knew sufficient, from the encomiums passed upon it by men of very different theological views to its author, to be aware that it strikes at the very root of those principles on which all Christian churches are founded; for Quakerism is not a church, and does not pretend to be one. As the expression "rampant Quakerism" gave offence to Mr. Gurney's friends, we are quite willing to substitute any better term; but we see nothing harsh or improper in it. Dr. Johnson gives two definitions of the word "rampant;" first, "exuberant," and secondly, in heraldry, "ready to combat;" and was it not true that the work referred to partook of both these characters? It was an aggressive book—we know enough of it to know that

—and the principles urged in it would subvert all church communions.*

Our wish and endeavor to speak "truth," and to speak it in "love," having met with so little success, our remaining statements shall be given from the memoir to which we have referred; leaving our readers to add their own annotations.

We will, however, mention an incident which has been communicated to us since last month; and which exhibits one among the numberless acts of Mr. Gurney's ever-wakeful and tender spirit of Christian kindness. A clergyman, writing to us from the country, (of course privately, with his name,) incloses a letter which he received from Mr. Gurney upon an occasion which he describes as follows:—

"The enclosed was addressed to me when residing in Mr. Gurney's neighborhood as a humble curate, some twenty years ago. It was accompanied with a draft for thirty pounds, and sealed one of the most consolatory Christian visits I had received during a dangerous illness. My valued friend had scarcely left my chamber before I received his substantial note;—and, let me add, this was neither his first nor his last act of Christian kindness, though I had no claim upon him whatever but such as he chose to recognize in the tie of Christian brotherhood. How many similar testimonies might be borne to his catholic liberal spirit, it is impossible to say. The day alone will declare it. I should be glad, however, now that the delicacy of our beloved brother cannot be wounded by the disclosure, to avail myself of your pages to pay this single tribute to his Christian worth, and to express my deep and sincere sympathy with his family and friends—I may say with the church at large—on occasion of the afflicting providence which has deprived us of the benefit of his bright example and useful labors.

"I know no man in whom this beautiful sketch was more strikingly verified than the late Mr. Gurney:

"Such lived Aspasio; and at last
Called up from earth to heaven,
The gulf of death triumphant passed,
By gales of blessing driven."

The following is Mr. Gurney's letter enclosed by our correspondent:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I often think of the Christians of olden days, (who, by-the-by, I think were very good Quakers,) and of their having had all things in common. Perhaps we do not, in the present day, aim enough at this commonality of interests; but it is well to look towards it, and to cultivate a disposition both to give and to receive, as occasion requires, with Christian simplicity. As I know doctors' bills are heavy, I thought I would e'en put thy simplicity in this respect to the test; and request thee to make use of the above draft, which is to me as nothing. Of course it will be confidential

* "Friends" will not, we hope, be displeased with the "Living Age" for copying phrases which may seem harsh; occurring as they do in an article which does great honor to the memory of a good man; the greater as coming from persons who disagreed with his opinions on some points. We cannot mutilate the article, and are not willing to lose so gratifying a tribute to qualities which "all who profess and call themselves Christians" revere and love.

on both sides, thy wife and sister excepted. I am, thy affectionate friend,

"J. J. GURNEY."

This letter is beautifully characteristic of the writer; and many such records live in the memories and the hearts of his friends. One of the Norwich journalists writes:

"During the interval between the death and the funeral of Joseph John Gurney, the sensation created by the mournful event which has cast so unprecedented a gloom over the ancient city of Norwich, has continued rather to increase than to abate. By realizing their loss, the inhabitants have come to feel so much the more intensely its gravity and its extent. It has furnished the principal topic of conversation in every family, in every private circle, in every group by the way-side. Persons of all classes, and of every age, however various in opinion on other subjects, have united in their high estimate of the character of the deceased, and in the melancholy satisfaction of recalling excellencies of which now, alas! the memory alone remains. Each individual has had his own story to tell of some public benefit, or of some kindness shown to others or himself; and innumerable acts of beneficence, long forgotten amidst the crowd of more recent instances, have been related and listened to with the mournful pleasure incident to such a theme. The very street gossip of Norwich during the past week, if it could have been collected and recorded, would doubtless have furnished an almost unparalleled tribute to departed worth."

In our last number we referred to the valuable services rendered by Mr. Gurney in many designs of humanity and benevolence. But institutions of a more entirely religious character were those in which he took the deepest interest; and especially the *British and Foreign Bible Society* was perhaps his favorite. Its sublime and simple object—the circulation of the Scriptures, without note or comment, throughout the world; its wide embrace of all denominations of Christians as its members; and its blessed influence as an instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of the souls of men, all fell in with his fondly cherished sentiments and feelings; and the day of its anniversary meeting in Norwich, was with him always "a high day." Formerly its evening, and, for some years past, its morning, was spent at Earlham by the committee, in social and religious intercourse. "It was delightful," says his biographer, "on such occasions to meet there eminent and honored Christians, of all ranks and denominations, uniting with his own lovely family in friendly fellowship, and in domestic worship; and to hear his Scripture readings and expositions, recommending that truth and charity which he so fully and closely combined, and to sympathize with him in those supplications for the church and the world, which he so fervently offered up." It was on one of these occasions that he commenced and cemented his personal intimacy with Wilberforce. In the sketch which he has given of that admirable man, he says, "I was introduced to Wilberforce in the autumn of 1816. He was staying with his family by the seaside, at Lowestoft, in Suffolk. I well remember going over from the place of my own residence, in the neighborhood of Norwich, partly for the purpose of seeing so great a man, and partly for that of persuading him to join our party, at the time of the approaching anniversaries of the Norfolk Bible and Church Missionary societies. I was then young;

but he bore my intrusion with the utmost kindness and good-humor, and I was much delighted with the affability of his manners, as well as with the fluency and brightness of his conversation. Happily he acceded to my solicitations; nor could I hesitate in accepting his only condition—that I should take into my house, not only himself, but his whole family group—consisting of his amiable lady, and several of their children, two clergymen, who acted in the capacity of tutors, his private secretary, servants, &c. We were indeed to be quite full of guests, independently of this accession; but what house would not prove elastic in order to receive the abolisher of the slave trade!" So far back as the year 1811, when the County Auxiliary Bible Society was formed in Norwich, our friend had a place on its platform, which he never deserted until his Master summoned him to heaven. At that first meeting, the chair was occupied by the venerable Bathurst, bishop of the diocese, whose eminent classical attainments, liberal sentiments, and quiet spirit, were regarded with admiration and esteem by his Quaker friend, who was a frequent visitor at the palace, and who, at that meeting, was one of the speakers. During the following thirty years, he attended not only its anniversaries, but its monthly committees, and often visited in its service the neighboring towns. His pen, too, which was always "the pen of a ready writer," was often skilfully used on its behalf, not only in writing its reports, but in vindicating its claims; and his pamphlet on "Terms of Union," is a masterly defence of some of its versions and translations, and especially of its determination not to demand any doctrinal test as a qualification for membership. He was also a cheerful and liberal subscriber to its funds; and when, about five years ago, he felt unable to devote to it so much time and labor as he had done formerly, he sent a donation of £500, and said in a note to a friend, "One reason for my doing so is, the impossibility of my continuing to give the Bible Society the personal attention which formerly occupied so much of my time." The last anniversary meeting he attended, was in September, 1846; when he moved one of the resolutions. After he had expressed his "cordial and unalterable regard to the society which was endeavoring to circulate the Bible all the world over," his soft, complacent eye fixed on his only son, who stood where he himself, when about the same age, had stood five and thirty years before, and who avowed his determination to support the institution which his father then, alas! had been advocating for the last time.

The advocacy of these benevolent and religious institutions was not confined to Great Britain. He pleaded for them in the *religious visits*, which, as a ministering friend, he paid to America, and to various parts of Europe. His visit to America was in 1837, and occupied three years; during which time he travelled through most of the northern states of the Union, and in Upper and Lower Canada. The incidents of his journeys; the objects, natural, civil, and moral, which attracted his attention; and the impressions made on his mind by America and the Americans, are narrated, in good tourist style, in a series of letters to Amelia Opie. This volume of letters, though printed, and circulated among his private friends, has not been published. We extract a passage:

"The principal object which I had in view in visiting Washington, was the holding of a meeting for worship with the officers of government and

members of Congress. My mind was attracted towards these public men under a feeling of religious interest; and, far beyond my expectation, did my way open for accomplishing the purpose. Colonel Polk, the speaker of the representative assembly, granted me the use of the legislation hall; the chaplain of the house (a respectable Wesleyan minister) kindly surrendered his accustomed service for our accommodation; public invitation was given in the newspapers; and when we entered the hall the following First-day morning, we found it crowded with the members of Congress, their ladies, and many other persons. The president and other officers of the government were also of the company. Undoubtedly it was a highly respectable and intellectual audience; and I need scarcely tell thee, that it was to me a serious and critical occasion. One of my friends sat down with me in the speaker's rostrum; a feeling of calmness was graciously bestowed upon us; and a silent solemnity overspread the whole meeting. After a short time, my own mind became deeply impressed with the words of our blessed Redeemer, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' Speaking from this text, I was led to describe the main features of Orthodox Christianity; to declare that these doctrines had been faithfully held by the Society of Friends, from their first rise to the present day; to dwell on the evidences, both historical and internal, which form the credentials of the gospel, considered as a message to mankind from the King of heaven and earth: to urge the claims of that message on the world at large—on America in particular, a country so remarkably blessed by Divine Providence—and, above all, on her statesmen and legislators; to advise the devotional duties of the closet, as a guard against the dangers and temptations of politics; to dwell on the peaceable government of Christ by his spirit; and, finally, to insist on the perfect law of righteousness as applying to nations as well as individuals—to the whole of the affairs of men, both private and public. A solemn silence again prevailed at the close of the meeting; and after it was concluded, we received the warm greetings of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many other members, of whom we took our leave in the flowing of mutual kindness. Thus was I set free from the heavy burden which had been pressing upon me. In the evening we met a large assembly at the Methodist chapel, at Georgetown, a populous place, almost adjoining Washington; and the next morning pursued our journey to a small settlement of humble Friends, in the state of Maryland."

In 1841 he went to Paris with Samuel Gurney, his brother in sympathy, as well as in relationship, to direct the attention of influential and official persons to the subject of slavery, for the purpose of obtaining its extinction. During their stay, they had an interview with Louis Philippe, the King of the French; as well as much communication with M. Guizot, his minister, and with other persons of distinction. His next visit was in the same year, when he was accompanied by Mrs. Fry. As both of them were ministers, according to the opinions of the Society of Friends, their visit, in that capacity, was sanctioned by the society; but they endeavored to combine with it accordant objects of pursuit. They visited Holland, Belgium, Hanover, some of the smaller German states, Denmark, and Prussia. They held, in various places, religious meetings, not only for worship with the Friends, but also for the instruction and improvement of all classes; and they paid many visits of mercy, to

administer the consolations of the gospel to those who were suffering affliction and persecution. They inspected prisons, hospitals, and other public institutions, and then presented their reports to the several governments; always recommending to them, when necessary, the abolition of slavery, and the granting of religious toleration. Their reception everywhere, was cordial and joyous. "The common people heard them gladly;" and they were also admitted to long and familiar interviews with several of the continental sovereigns, who listened to their statements and suggestions with respectful attention. What diplomacy had, in some instances, failed to effect, they were the means of accomplishing; and the King of Holland, who had been in the habit of procuring slave soldiers from the Gold Coast, was induced, by Mr. Gurney's representations, to abandon the practice. A third visit, for similar purposes, took place in 1843; when he was accompanied to Paris by Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Fry; and on his sister's return home, he and his wife went into the south of France, where his stay was prolonged by illness; and where he seized every opportunity, when he was able, of instructing and encouraging members of his own religious society. During this tour he also visited Switzerland; spent some time with Vinet in Lausanne, and with D'Aubigné in Geneva; had an interview with the King of Würtemberg; and held many large meetings for religious purposes. Who can tell the amount of temporal and spiritual good which may have already resulted, and which may yet result, from these visits of mercy, by which both hemispheres have been travelled and blessed!

It will not be expected that we should be able to give any adequate estimate of the pecuniary support which he afforded to public institutions and to private necessities. It may indeed be said, that recently, for instance, he gave £500 to the Bible Society; £500 to the British and Foreign School Society; £500 to the British School in Palace Street, Norwich; £500 to the Blind Asylum; £500 to the present distress in Ireland; £100, three or four times over, to the Soup Society; and similar sums to the District Visiting Society, and to the Coal Society. But who can tell the sums which he gave, formerly as well as latterly, to numerous public institutions, and to numerous private individuals, at home and abroad! But though these things cannot be ascertained, we know the principles by which his giving was regulated. "Economy," says he, in his *Thoughts on Habit*, "dictates the laying by of such a proportion of our revenue as our circumstances justly demand; it also requires such a care and prudence—such true and well principled order, in our personal or family expenditure, as will leave a generous surplus to meet the calls of benevolence, in the promotion of both the temporal and spiritual needs of our fellow-men. He is a good economist, in a pecuniary point of view, who *saves* sufficiently; *spends* prudently; and *gives* with judgment, generosity, and effect. It is, in fact, of the utmost importance to the moral welfare of our young people, whose worldly circumstances are prosperous, that they should be led to form the *habit* of giving easily, liberally, and yet wisely." Not only did he act on the admirable principles which he thus so clearly states, but he evidently considered that giving money to proper objects, and in suitable proportions, is a religious duty which he was bound to practise; that he was not the absolute proprietor of his possessions, but merely the trustee of them,

under God ; and that he was to use them, and all his other talents, according to the Divine directions, and in anticipation of the summons, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." But though he thus gave from principle, and as a religious duty, he did not give grudgingly. He was "a cheerful giver," such as "the Lord loveth." He knew well from his own experience, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and probably there was not, in all the world, a man more really happy than he was in the exercise of his personal faculties, and in the use of his various possessions. The last public meeting he ever attended, had been summoned by the District Visiting Society, in accordance with his own suggestion, to make some additional provision for the poor, during the severities of winter. The Bishop of Norwich, who loved to honor his Christian character, and who cordially sympathized with his liberal spirit, moved the resolutions, which Mr. Gunney seconded; and a handsome subscription was the result. It was in going home from that meeting, that his horse fell, and he received his mortal injury. But he had finished the work which his Master had given him to do, and then the Master said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It must not be forgotten, that the man who was thus occupied from day to day, and from year to year, in living and laboring for others, was, during a considerable part of his life, engaged in secular business, in one of the most extensive banking establishments in the kingdom. During this long and laborious period, he also sent forth no less than twenty separate publications, some of which are large volumes, and on subjects which required great thought, research, and learning; and all of them were composed with great care, both as to the style and sentiment. How, then, was he able to fulfil these multitudinous engagements? Partly because he was a man of orderly and industrious habits, and a great economist in time. Every day was well packed up; and hours and seasons were set apart for leisure and relaxation, as well as for employment and labor. By these means he could attend the bank; speak at a public meeting; write an essay; and take a long and laborious journey; and he could also be the companion of his beloved family; walk in his fragrant gardens; admire, with intelligent taste, the varieties of nature; or go and describe to the children in a school the wonderful structure of the human eye. While he thus performed the labors of life, he enjoyed its comforts; what was great, was well attended to; what was small, was not neglected; he was as domestic as he was public; he seemed to have time and place for everything, except idleness; he was most thoroughly a man, as well as a Christian, and could consistently say with the apostle, "The life I live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God." "For my own part," says he in his *Winter in the West Indies*, "I consider it to be greatly to our advantage, while we are engaged in the pursuit of serious and interesting objects, to catch the passing recreation afforded us by birds, flowers, blue skies, and bright sunsets."

But the excellency of his example was his piety. He never could have been what he was, on any other principles than those of the gospel of Christ. He was a conscientious and a holy man, in whose estimation, idleness, negligence, and unprofitableness were sins against God, which every man should scrupulously avoid and deprecate. His reli-

gion was not in one part of his mind and the world in another, "as the manner of some is;" but it was a principle which pervaded his whole soul, and by which his conduct and conversation were regulated. He was evangelically, spiritually, and practically religious; and those persons who never heard his speeches or his sermons, might at any time have read them, for they were written in his life. "There can be no character acceptable to God," writes his biographer, "but that which is derived from the gospel of Christ, and we can have no personal interest in the gospel unless it be received by faith. This was the doctrine and religion of our departed friend. In himself a sinner, guilty, depraved, and condemned, he obtained justification and holiness from the precious blood of Christ, and from the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. All the graces by which he was adorned, had been shed on him abundantly by the hand of Christ; and we should be wrong by denying either the servant's degree of conformity to his Master, or the Master's power and grace, by which that conformity was produced. How rich and glorious is that saving mercy, which, from our depraved and ruined nature, can raise up a spiritual and perfect man in Christ Jesus; and, even in this world of sin and death, can prepare him for that heaven, where his knowledge, and holiness, and joy, shall increase forever."

ROBERT BRUCE CROWNED BY THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.

THE Bruce is on his bended knee—a king, without a throne;
Of Scotland's realm the rightful lord, yet not one rood his own;
His altar—the few faithful hearts that gather round him there;
His anthem—the lone orphan's cry, the childless widow's prayer.

There steps a noble lady forth, and cries, "The right is mine—
My fathers for long ages past crowned Scotland's royal line;
My craven brother loves to stay 'midst English pomp and glee:
'Tis I will crown the Bruce, and send him forth to victory."

She placed the circlet on his brow—her hand nor shook nor quailed;
She said the consecration prayer—her firm voice never failed:
"Thou fightest not for thirst of fame, nor fell ambition's laws,
But for our fair and weeping land, and for a holy cause.

"A wailing from our ravaged homes cries, 'Set thy country free!'
The voices of our little ones call loud, brave Bruce! on thee:
In counsel wise, in purpose firm, in battle armed with might,
Be thou! Go forth and fight for us, and God defend the right!"

The right has won! The Bruce now sits upon a royal throne;
And far and wide his eye beholds the fair realm, all his own.
The noblest king that ever yet held sway in Scotland's land,
Anointed was with woman's prayer, and crowned by woman's hand.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A LEGEND OF FORFARSHIRE.

PART I.

"But mortal pleasure what art thou in truth?—
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

A DARK day in the dreary month of December had given place to a still darker night. There was snow on the ground, and a biting east wind in the air, and blowing from the sea, the said wind bore to the inhabitants of a small village on the coast of Forfarshire the hoarse and angry murmur of the high tides. It was the very night to gather round a cheery fire, and to hug yourself in the enjoyment of closed window-shutters, and a snug arm-chair.

The old-fashioned house of Logie Morriston, whose large stone gables turned proudly from the more plebeian dwellings that straggled down the hill in a long untidy row, was light, and warm, and lively that night; and its inmates chatted merrily over pleasant tidings of an absent member.

The party consisted of Lady Marion Ramsay, a venerable octogenarian, her daughter Elspeth, and a young damsel, a distant connexion of the family. Reading a letter by the cheerful lamp stood Elspeth Ramsay, and her girlish cousin on tiptoe, with a glowing color, listened to the welcome news.

"And so my son is to be in London this night," said the Lady Marion, in a voice most musically soft in its tones. "Blessed be His name who hath restored to my sight my only son ere I die."

"Yes," said Elspeth, "it was a delightful surprise when Katie and I called at the post-office coming through Dundee this afternoon. I hardly expected any news of him so soon. We must get the house in gay order, and all the villagers in their holiday array, to give him a hearty welcome."

"Such a reception," said the venerable matron, casting up her eyes to heaven, "as they gave me when your father bore me, a young bride, to this ancient mansion. Ah, how many are gone that hailed me here! and I remain past the limit of this weary life, preserved to welcome my long-banished son to the home of his fathers."

"I wonder," exclaimed Katie, "that the colonel has never married in India!"

"Who could he marry there?" cried Elspeth, waving slightly her long jetty ringlets with disdain. "No one there, I fancy, a fitting match for his lineage!"

"Unless," laughed Katie, "he brought you home an Indian Begum for a sister—a daughter of Hyder Ally's suppose—her nose heavy with priceless diamonds!"

The Lady Marion's calm grey eye expressed disapprobation. "Jest not, my Katie, on a subject too deeply interesting to our feelings. It is my dearest wish to see my son a husband ere I depart; and if Heaven might grant my prayer, I would that his choice might fall on you, for you have been to me a lovely and beloved child, and the delight of mine aged eyes."

Poor Katie, who had been standing for a few minutes beside her revered relative's chair, blushed deeply and painfully at this declaration; and stooping her head upon the Lady Marion's hand, returned no answer but her fond kisses. I would I had had a painter there to catch the expression of those two faces—the differing beauty of old age and youth. The Lady Marion's figure was stately as ever; the high bearing of the Douglasses could only be trodden down by death. Her eye, if it had lost its fire,

had gained in depth and earnestness; her curling flaxen hair still escaped from her close lace cap, with the pale gold hue which distinguished it in her youth's beauty. Her profile had all the delicacy of outline which is supposed to denote high birth; and the sweetness of her serene smile was known and valued by all the neighborhood.

How different from her calm, reflective face was that of the changing, flushing girl who bent before her! Katie was a true Scottish beauty—one of Burns' beauties; the

"Kindly e'en, sae bonnie blue,"

dancing in their own soft moisture, the milk-white skin and rosy mouth, and the gay smiles that chased each other over her clear, sunny face, spoke of health, hope, and all that zest in this alluring existence which makes youth, in spite of its keen disappointments, its agonies of doubts and perplexities, the most charming period of human life. The Lady Marion kissed her fair, pure forehead, where not a care had written its name, and blessed her fondly.

"Ah, my Katie, if *he*, my son, see in thee but half the charm of truth and innocent goodness which these aged eyes have long loved to behold, he will, I know he will, love thee as thou meritest."

"Mother," said Elspeth, rather sharply, "don't be putting nonsense into Katie's head about Gilbert, for possibly he may see young ladies in a different light from you. Katie is a good little girl, and won't take fancies of her own accord; and for my part I should not wonder if Gilbert, like a prudent man, proposes to Miss Ogilvy of Invercarity, or some of those Miss Wedderburns. You know they have all large portions, and poor Gilbert will find himself really straitened in income here, where he has his family rank to support."

"Child Elspeth," said the mother, with dignity, "how often shall I have to chide thee for this unbecoming pride of birth? What if your ancestors did fight beside William the Lion of Scotland, will that make you or yours happy in the humble paths of private life? Gilbert will find this house dull enough were he to try to live on the memory of his great-great-grandfather's exploits. The ladies you mention are far past their prime, and Gilbert is ten years younger than you, and will require after his long travail in the East a gentle and loving wife, and youth and beauty to delight his eye as well as his imagination. We are old, Elspeth, for companions to a man in the zenith of his years."

Elspeth did not relish this allusion; she loved her departed youth as if it had been still in being, and shrank from any lamentations over the deceased beauty which had been the talk of Logie Morriston some twenty years previous.

Katie, who had been much embarrassed by the dispute, and who was equally discomfited by the remarks of her patroness and her opponent, eagerly turned the conversation to the achievements of Colonel Ramsay during various military campaigns in India. She needed little skill in order to divert the channel of discourse. Lady Marion had all the enthusiasm which has grown obsolete in these *poco-curante* days—her son's deeds, her son's glory were written in fire upon her heart. She communicated the contagious excitement to her hearers. Elspeth's pride exulted in the honor shed by her brother's exploits upon the family name. Katie, who had never seen any gentlemen at her home with her old aunt, Miss Lyndsay of Aberbrethan,

save a half-pay captain of seventy years and two military anecdotes anent the siege of Quebec, and a bonnet laird given seriously to the pleasures of the bottle, was proportionately interested in the brilliant hero of Lady Marion's tale, and could not help sighing, like Desdemona, with a secret wish "that Heaven had made her such a man."

When the venerable narrator at length retired to rest, accompanied by her dutiful daughter, Katie made a pilgrimage round the room, till she discovered by the light of the taper she threw upon the sombre oak panellings the picture taken of Gilbert Ramsay when, a lad of eighteen years, he embarked for India.

She found him there portrayed as a fresh-colored, smiling youth, with large brown curls confined behind his head in a military queue, with a self-complacent, good-natured eye, and a mouth arched for merriment. She involuntarily turned her own fair face to the antique mirror—such a survey could not fail to be satisfactory; and with an unconscious smile she resumed her examination of the young ensign's portrait.

She was still thus occupied when Miss Ramsay returned. Katie started, blushed as if convicted of a fault, and hastily extinguished her taper, which threw a provokingly distinct radiance on the face she had been studying.

Miss Ramsay smiled, with something of scorn and something of patronage. "My mother's project works well on one side, my pretty child; but let me warn you against placing reliance on an old woman's fancies. The aged are too apt to think they can direct the caprices and passions of the young; and, despite my mother's fond visions, Gilbert will choose entirely for himself, and he has seen too many pretty, girlish faces to be caught by mere looks."

Katie kissed her, but made no reply, as she retired to her room; and her sleep that night was sorely delayed by a number of reflections, in which predominated a certain doggedness of purpose roused into action by Miss Ramsay's evident ungraciousness. Katie resolved to be very charming, and to prove she was not a mere child any longer, in spite of the twenty years between herself and Gilbert Ramsay. She recalled with pride (the first time she had ever felt conceit in her life) the praises of her old Highland nurse, who had declared "her bouny face wad tak a lord's e'e some day, or may be the chief o' the clan himsel'!" Her clan, you must perceive, good reader. With such emollient memories Katie's mortified vanity was at last soothed into slumber, and she rose the next morning in high glee to assist in the adornment of the old mansion for the reception of the long-absent heir.

The three intervening days were spent in these absorbing duties. There were the villagers to provide with new clothes, the school-girls to drill into their curtsy, and chorus of a welcoming song written by the dominie—a piece of provincial erudition which, I regret exceedingly, has, like many other valuable *morceaux* of literature, vanished as irrevocably from the rolls of fame as the lost books of Livy, or the missing cantos of the *Faerie Queene*. All I know is, that it was stuffed full of classic names, which sorely tried the jaws of the little damsels in blue checks and pinafores:—that Caesar, Hannibal, Alexander, Cyrus, and Sesostris, were reproached as failures in military glory, and were proudly summoned from the shades to do homage to the unrivalled fame of Colonel Gilbert Ramsay

of Logie Morriston, and the victories of Arrackabad and Paugulpore.

As this big-mouthed ode was never finally delivered, but only rehearsed beforehand, it is impossible to say what effect such an appalling adjuration might have had, even from the lisping drawl of vocal schoolgirls, upon those illustrious denizens of Tartarus. But while the elocution lessons went on without, all was bustle and hurry within. Such hangings of old tapestry, such laying down of new carpets from the Lasswade manufactories, such reviewing of napery in the huge iron-clamped chest, whose key, hanging ever at the Lady Marion's girdle, yielded up its snowy treasures only on some grand occasion like the present. Then there were the gardens to set in trim array, the tails of the yew peacocks to be clipped into proper shape, the noses of the box-dogs to be lengthened, the arbor to be repainted, the porter's lodge to be garnished, the gate to be surmounted with a heather and ever-green arch; and finally, the ladies' wardrobes to be ransacked for their handsomest dresses, in honor of the long-expected one.

As for Katie, she was in the thickest of the *mêlée*; now running down to the school-house to help out the girls with the hard words, now filling her apron with laurels and ilexes for the arch, now altering the festoon of a garland in the corridor or the hues of a bouquet in the drawing-room, now snipping off a vagrant leaf from the peacocks' crests or the dogs' backs, now counting damask napkins with Elspeth—in short, nothing could be done without Katie's hand and heart being in it.

At length all was completed, and she was well rewarded by the kisses and commendations of Lady Marion, and the whispered hope that ere long there would be another triumphal arch, and another welcome for a bride!

All the party were now assembled in the hall, the day was clear and frosty, the tenantry on the lawn waved flags with impatient glee, the trembling school-girls, blue with cold and fright, stood ranged near the portico, mumbling with chattering lips their ill-remembered task.

Lady Marion, seated in her large arm-chair, with her rich satin robes flowing around, and a delicate flush on her aged cheek, looked even more imposing than usual. Miss Ramsay was attired in the fashion of the time, in a stiff silk of amber color, brocaded with bunches of pansies in their natural hues. Her black hair, without any powder, drawn to the top of her head, was knotted there with flowers, and flylappets of rich old lace.

Katie, who had derived her only ideas of dress from her old aunt's venerable mutch, and folded lawn handkerchiefs, and black gown drawn up through its pocket-holes, was simply dressed in a white silk petticoat, with bodice of her own clan tartan, and a white rose among her redundant curls; but, nevertheless, she looked far handsomer than if tricked out in all the elaborate splendor of Miss Ramsay's toilet.

And now there came a shout from the tenants, "Here they are!" and up dashed a travelling chariot and four, all dusty and road-soiled. It drew up at the entrance, the steps were flung down, and a tall, elegant man sprung out, and bending before Lady Marion, earnestly implored her blessing on his return.

"Thou hast it, my son," said the aged lady, her voice faltering with emotion, as she spread her hands fondly over his rich locks, and pressed her lips upon his sunburnt brow; "May the blessing

of the Highest be upon thee, my Gilbert, and follow thee and thine when I am laid silent in the dust."

The general attention had been so riveted on the colonel that it passed unnoticed how a great unpacking was going on at the door of the chariot, and no one was prepared for the manner with which the gentleman, having embraced his sister, added—

"Now my ever-venerated mother, let me bring for another welcome and another blessing one whom I trust will be a comfort and a support to your declining age."

There was a dead silence. The colonel led forward a young creature of low stature, complexion of clear olive, and eyes flashing fire from their black recesses—

"Ameerun, kneel to my mother. This is my wife."

He said it loudly and boldly, and yet he did not look in the face of any one present.

There was a dead silence. Katie wished herself back at Aberbrethan, and, furthermore, she wished she had never left it, for the high martial bearing of Gilbert Ramsay involuntarily recommended itself to her wayward admiration. Miss Ramsay was speechless with indignation. The ancient blood of her race to be sullied by connexion with a native of an Asiatic clime! Was it for this she had sacrificed her early attachment to the minister of Logie, because he was a factor's son? for this had she refused two "well-to-do" writers of Dundee, and had withered on the virgin stalk, fondly blest in the reflection that no girlish whimsies of hers had been allowed to muddy the clear patrician current of the Ramsay veins! And here was a dark, native woman from India, head of their house, and lady of their line! Human nature could not stand it; as soon would she have shaken hands with a toad as with the wondering little Oriental, whose large eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered with agitation, as she stood thus unwelcome on the threshold of her husband's home.

The Lady Marion was too dignified to be angry, but her sudden recoil at the apparition betrayed ungovernable dislike. Indeed, had Gilbert Ramsay sought intentionally to wound his mother's stately feelings as a lady, and rigid prejudices as a Scotchwoman and a Presbyterian, he could not have fallen on any plan so effectual as presenting her with that illiterate Eastern wife.

The embarrassment on all sides grew most painful. Colonel Ramsay, annoyed at this reception, turned haughtily to the attendants, and snatching an infant of a year old from the arms of its swarthy ayah, exclaimed aloud, in the bitterness of his heart—

"And will no one welcome thee, my Robert, to the home of thy ancestors, the birth-place of thy father!"

The two ladies were even more horrified at the black-browed, black-eyed claimant of the family honors; and neither of them moved to relieve the father of his burden.

But Katie, whose young heart melted with sympathy for the unwelcome strangers, could no longer restrain herself, but springing into the group, in her clear, childish voice, exclaimed—

"I will! Lie still, thou little innocent!" and she took the babe into her arms, and clasped it tenderly to her bosom.

The father, startled at her soft, blushing beauty, looked at her with a sudden rapture, and then at his wife, as if to draw a comparison.

But the dark and now sallow Hindoo, wearied with travel, showed to great disadvantage beside the snow-skinned, rose-lipped Highland maiden; and the examination did not seem to satisfy the husband.

Meanwhile, Lady Marion, touched by Katie's warmth, exclaimed—

"Thou hast taught thy elders a lesson in charity, my sweet girl: bring me my grandson." She blessed the little child with solemnity, and then for the first time did a gleam of pleasure light up the melancholy eyes of Ameerun.

Miss Ramsay now advanced to conduct her to her apartments; and the young foreigner acquiesced silently, but with a visible distaste for her haughty sister-in-law's society.

PART II.

"Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are."

THE family intercourse thus inauspiciously commenced, continued as inauspiciously. Colonel Ramsay's tale was a brief one. He had hitherto postponed announcing his marriage from sheer cowardice of feeling, knowing that the intelligence could not but be disagreeable to his high-bred relatives, and trusting everything to the enthusiasm of a meeting after so long an absence.

Ameerun was the daughter of a powerful and wealthy rajah in the neighborhood of Tanjore. She was only fourteen when she first attracted the desire of the English commander; and he was too influential for the rajah to care to irritate him by non-compliance with his peremptory wishes. But before he yielded his only daughter to his passion, he stipulated for the performance of the Christian rite of marriage, that the fickle Briton (for already the rajah had learned to distrust our much-promising, little-fulfilling countrymen) might not have it in his power to desert and ruin his child.

As there was no clergyman at Tanjore in those days, the service was read by a lieutenant of the regiment, in presence of the rajah and his family; and Gilbert Ramsay and Ameerun became man and wife. It was long ere he discovered the rashness of his passion. In the very short leisure afforded for domestic enjoyments from his absorbing military avocations, her fairy loveliness and childish fondness fascinated and amused him as much as he required. He had, since coming to India, seen so little of intellectual woman, that he looked for nothing in a wife but a pretty, good-natured toy. He was to learn more deeply, and with suffering. On her part, she had a large retinue of servants of her own nation, plenty of society among her countrywomen, dress and ornaments at discretion. It was the life for which she had been educated, so she was in her place, and suited all things around her. Her husband had her taught reading, writing, and the first principles of Christianity; and as she was of an affectionate disposition, the religion of love made some lasting impression on her feelings.

But this deceitful peace vanished when they came to Britain. Ameerun was a pure Asiatic in character, ardent, impassioned; but indolent, capricious, and variable, easily excited to anger, and as easily pacified. She could not learn to be intellectual, reading was a sore labor to her vague, languid mind; she preferred sitting over gold and silver embroidery, in which she excelled. No one could be more unfit than she was for the direction of a Scottish household. Management was a thing unknown to

her. In travelling, her ignorance compelled her husband to take on himself the burden of the most trivial arrangements. This irritated his selfish love of ease, and he grew impatient at her stupidity.

Among well-educated and thinking women her deficiencies glared painfully on his vanity; and it hardly needed the ungracious reception they met with from his family to assure him that he had acted with egregious folly in tying himself for life, by one sudden fit of passion, to an illiterate Hindoo. Ameerun, however, loved him to distraction; all her torrid blood was fired with an absorbing adoration. She never disputed his will; she was a slave to his caprice. To his mother and sister she returned in full the debt of coldness; she remembered their greeting, and did not attempt to conceal her dislike.

Elsbeth openly insulted her by declaring the family name had received so great a degradation, that she could do nothing to sully it more; and, consequently, she found means to rekindle the smouldering embers of Mr. Joseph Wylie's flame, and in a few months entered the house as the wife of the clergyman of Logie.

Poor Lady Marion, deprived of her careful attendance, found greater reason daily to censure her son's hasty marriage. Ameerun was quite helpless, quite at the mercy of her three rapacious Hindoo servants, who were always in broils with the Scotch domestics. At last Lady Marion's own maid threw up her place in a rage, alleging, that "the blacks were the upsettingest bodies she ever kent, that naething would serve them that had been fyled, forsooth, by Christian hands; and wha's cleanest, trow ye! their brown wizened claws, nor fair Scotch fingers!"

There was always trouble in providing food for them, their prejudices were always ingeniously in the way. Somebody was sure to have touched their rice, or defiled their copper pans with infidel contact; and then there rose a storm of jabbering and flying on the Scotch tongues, and a yelling and gabbling on the Indian ones, that threw the weak-minded Ameerun into tears, and could only be allayed by her flattery and profuse presents of money, which, strange to say, they never seemed to think defiled by all the infidel hands in the world!

These scenes would have been very amusing, had they not been so extremely frequent and inconvenient. The cook, in particular, was always in the hottest of the hot water. "She culd na help dighting their bit dirty duds, the haythens! They would sune pishon the bodies wi' verdigreashe if she let them stan' sookit out that way."

In the midst of all this confusion, Mrs. Ramsay had to prepare for her second confinement. Lady Marion was much too infirm to take charge of the household, and the colonel had grown moody and sullen, and was generally absent from day-dawn till nightfall, fishing or wild-duck shooting. Lady Marion, therefore, wrote to Katie, who had left Logie Morriston very soon after Ameerun's installation, and begged her to return and superintend matters during her daughter-in-law's confinement. Miss Lyndsay was strongly opposed to this step. "Ye'll get nae gude, Katie, amang heathens and Turks yonder. It's a real Turk's trick o' the cornel keeping that bit Ingy lassie sae far frae her ain land. Ae heathen habit brings on anither. I trow he'll be stocking his harem sune; ye'd better no gang to be ane o' them seleckit for the honor. Gude save us!"

The Highland nurse was still more clamorous in her opposition.

"My bairn, my bairn, I saw in my dreams o' the nicht, the cornel and his Ingy wife baith standing by you and encircling yer bonny fair face wi' a ghastly shroud; and yon Ameerun, as ye ca' her, was white and sorrowfu', and she wrang her hands abune ye, and cried on you as the ruin o' hersel' and her twa innocent weans. Dinna gang, my ain bairn; there's dule and shame hinging ower the house o' Ramsay."

Old Maggie's skill in second sight was not, however, of much weight in Katie's opinion. She was of too joyous and perhaps confident a temperament, to be cowed by an omen or a vision, or even by the shrewd good sense of her aunt. Katie had a strong curiosity to penetrate into the interior of that mysterious household, of which so many strange rumors came floating from Dundee. She loved Lady Marion, and she pitied Colonel Ramsay, looking on him as a martyr to honor, for his magnanimity in wedding the young Indian. But Katie reasoned and felt like a romantic, inexperienced girl, and was as well able to judge of Gilbert Ramsay's real character as a child is to understand the deficiencies of perspective in a showy-colored, ill-drawn picture.

She went, therefore, to Logie Morriston. She found discomfort, misrule, wrangling, and discontent. She was like the good fairy in the old nursery tale of "Order and Disorder," who dropped suddenly among the ravelled webs of the bewildered prisoner.

In a few days everything was changed. The Indian servants were separated from the rest of the household; a steady, quiet nurse procured to wait on the invalid; Lady Marion's comforts were carefully attended to; and the little boy removed from the noisy, ignorant Hindoos, to be gently and firmly managed by the young housekeeper, and so controlled and directed, that, from being the torment of the *ménage*, he became its amusement and plaything. It was a new thing for Colonel Ramsay, on his return from sport, to find his hitherto wayward child seated on Katie's knee, his large black eyes dilated with admiration at the old Highland ballads the fair girl was singing, and his little curly head leaning fondly on her white shoulder. Katie was a true Highlander in her love of song; and the boy grew enamored of her sweet, sad strains. This new passion on his part became a spell of power for her; he could be led to obey in the most distasteful matters by the promise of a song. Little Robert did not fail to draw his papa's attention to his indulgent friend; and his impatience for a song was always greater when papa was present to hear it. Gilbert had not forgotten Katie's first generous burst of sympathy in behalf of that neglected child; and he could not but be struck by the unconscious grace and sweetness with which she taught and controlled him.

"The road to the mother's heart" has long been too well known, and too boldly trodden by unworthy pilgrims; we doubt not that a similar pathway will conduct to the father's affections. Gilbert was touched and interested by Katie's kindness to his boy, and gradually was led to remark her kind attentions to his nearly helpless mother. When he came home at night he found always pleasant smiles and intelligent conversation. Lady Marion was happy in the society of her favorite, and forgot her son's wife and the many squabbles of the last twelvemonth.

Gilbert began to perceive the superiority of a refined and intellectual woman. Katie was remarkably well informed for the age in which she lived; her own taste for the beautiful was tremblingly sensitive, her perceptions were quick, her wit ready, her heart alive to all gentle and ardent emotions; she was a very fascinating girl. The very faults of her character—a romance fostered by lonely musings among the wild moors and woods, a proneness to exaggerate and exalt the mere commonplaces of life, and a simplicity of faith, which made her easily deluded—these were but new charms in the eyes of an impassioned and headstrong man. For Gilbert Ramsay loved her! Alas, he forgot his vows to Ameerun—he forgot his pledge to her father never to desert the helpless creature cast confidingly on his honor—he forgot the marriage-rites which Heaven had been called on to witness! If he thought of his fetters it was only to curse them.

Interesting and heroic as he appeared to the inexperienced Katie, Colonel Ramsay was, and had ever been, the victim of his own violent passions. Selfishness was the spring of his actions. He had married Ameerun because it was the only way of gratifying a resistless impulse, and he wished now to abandon her, because she stood in the way of a love as mighty as that which she herself had once inspired. But these loathings floated vaguely in his head. He was not naturally wicked, he was selfish, and selfishness is the beginning of all vice; but he would have shrunk from the cold-blooded cruelty of abandoning her who had for years lived as the wife of his bosom. He only wished for her absence; he cursed his folly in marrying her; he loathed the sight of her pale and sorrowing face. She saw that he avoided her; weak and depressed by a difficult and slow convalescence, she brooded over his neglect, and wetted the brow of her newborn babe with her unheeded tears.

Katie, meanwhile, walked unconsciously on these hidden precipices. She never thought of inquiring from herself a reason for the growing pleasure she derived from Gilbert Ramsay's society. It seemed to her very natural to enjoy the thrilling recitals of hair-breadth escapes, the animated descriptions of foreign scenes and nations, the lively disputes, and involuntary gallantry of the colonel's conversation. Lady Marion likewise perceived nothing of the hurricane working in her son's mind. She was growing feebler both in mind and body; and it was sufficient for her to see the two people she loved best in the world mingling in that frank, lively intercourse.

But Gilbert Ramsay's heart was read by one person, and she was Elspeth, his only sister. We must have failed most grievously in our aim if the reader has not ere now obtained a dim insight into this lady's character.

It was very sad that a mother so amiable and right-minded as Lady Marion should have seen her children grow up entirely dissimilar to herself. Elspeth's failings, and more than failings, were the result of her education, conducted by a sister of her father's. The lady was wealthy and proud, and offered rich promises as a reward for the society of her niece. General Ramsay did not think it prudent to deny her wishes, though he felt half afraid of the effect of her haughty and impetuous disposition on that of his young daughter. The consequences were not what he had feared. He shrank from depressing the girl's spirit's by the rule of that stormy mind; but Elspeth, instead of being cowed

and weakened by the collision, caught the tone of a spirit really congenial to her own, and grew to womanhood as violent in prejudices, as bigoted in opinion, and intolerant in her pride of ancestry, as her aunt had ever been. The father died ere he saw the evil results of his mistaken worldly wisdom, and the aunt died likewise, and left all her money to another branch of Ramsays, who had artfully succeeded in persuading her that they were in reality the true head of her family. Elspeth's scornful and indignant ebullitions on hearing of their pretensions, served no other end than to precipitate the catastrophe, for they enraged her aunt into a fit, wherein she ruptured a blood-vessel for the thirteenth time, and expired with the ink yet wet upon her altered will. Elspeth returned to her widowed mother, whom she found wrapt up in the only child beside herself, who had weathered the gales of infancy. Little Gilbert, the heir of that proud name which Elspeth so venerated, was almost as important a personage to her, as the wayward, ardent boy was to the doting mother. Thus gradually Elspeth's powerful mind moulded that of her young relative; and Lady Marion, too quiet, and too depressed by her sorrow for her husband's loss, to war very effectually with the faults of his children, lost the golden time of youth when she might have led her son's ductile spirit; and his college education and early appointment to his father's regiment prevented her from seeing how completely he was the slave of his headlong passions. But Elspeth knew every creek and strait of his heart, as well as its violent eddies and overpowering currents. She knew where a purpose might lie hidden till the overmastering flood-tides should come to sweep it down the deep waters of his soul. She saw, almost before he saw it himself, that his love had gone from Ameerun to the unconscious Katie; and though she could have wished he had found a more wealthy and highly-born object of attachment, yet her hatred to the hapless Asiatic, and her contempt of the degrading bonds which in her eyes fettered her brother to a black slave, as she sometimes called her poor sister-in-law, these led her willingly to any plan which could drive the Hindoo from their ancient home, and could bar out her child from the heirship of the house of Ramsay.

In Katie's favor she reflected, that though not noble herself, that young damsel's great-grandmother had been a Lady Grizby, of the ancient house of Camstary, and that Miss Lyndsay, who had educated the unsophisticated Highland lassie, had a small matter of five thousand pounds entirely at her own disposal. Finally, Mrs. Joseph Wylie made up her mind, after many *pros* and *cons*, to the following abrupt yet by no means hasty attack upon her brother:—

They were walking side by side along the straight, narrow pathway of the manse-garden. The Ayrshire roses and French marigolds which made a bordering to the homely kailblades and thick-planted turnips—the staple furniture of that ministerial pleasaunce—were suffering grievously from the infliction of the colonel's riding-whip, for he was sorely out of humor, and lashed away right and left, as if his spleen were oozing forth from the end of the innocent whipcord. His sister saw that some domestic broil had taken place, and knew the spirit was ripe for her unhallowed counsels. She broke the silence suddenly, and as if angrily,—

“Confess now, Gilbert, that you have wantonly trifled with all our feelings, passing off as your wife that — I won't call her names, but you know

what I mean. You always have said you were married; but, pray, what sort of a marriage was mumbling over the English service by a scapegrace lieutenant, and where is the proof of it? He is dead, that impromptu priest! You did not take the trouble to procure a license from the nearest clergyman; and when you were at a station where such a ceremony could have been properly performed, you left matters in their old state of uncertainty and confusion, instead of securing your children's legitimacy by having the rites of the church duly consummated. Why, what hold has Ameerun on you, poor thing! Any day you change your mind you can fling her away, as you men always do fling away us women when you weary of us, and we have not a legal right to your protection. Poor Ameerun! what claim could she advance? Being called your wife? How many half-caste children could tell you their mothers had the same privilege, but was it binding on the fathers?"

Gilbert started at her words. They were like the temptings of a fiend. How plausible were her remarks, how true it was that there had been no license, no clergyman; and the only witness beside the rajah's family was silent in the tomb! And then that opprobrious term *half-caste* applied to his children! Was the heir of the house of Ramsay to be branded as an Eurasian! He writhed uneasily at these thoughts; and switched the marigolds more vigorously than ever.

Elspeth said no more on the subject; she saw her shaft had struck the centre of the target. She apologized for hurrying back to the manse to prepare for Katie, who had promised to dine there that evening. "For the last time, you know; as Ameerun is well again, Katie need not stay any longer; she is impatient to go home to her aunt; and I suppose, next week, you will have everything in its old train again as before Ameerun's illness."

Elspeth well knew how hateful that "old train" would be to her brother. He went home moody and full of evil thoughts. He met Katie in the avenue; she gave him one of her brightest smiles, told him his wife had come down stairs, and was to honor the table with her presence, and that little Robert was sitting up for a treat to take dinner with his mamma.

"Tell me," was his only answer, seizing both her hands, and gazing passionately in her face,—"tell me, Katie, are you going away next week?"

"Yes," she faltered, frightened at his vehemence. "You none of you need me now; I am only the sick nurse, and never stay when I cannot be useful." She tried to laugh off her agitation, but her voice changed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Useful!" repeated Gilbert. "Look at my home, Katie, and say if you are not useful there. Remember what it was when you came—dissension, misery! and now, you who make all things bright, who have made me happier than I thought my folly would ever permit of again; you are going away, and care not to leave us in darkness and despair."

He relinquished the hands he held, and with a hasty step went onwards to his despised home. Katie likewise went on her way with a troubled spirit. He had destroyed her thoughtless happiness for that night and forever; his words rang in her ears; a dreadful sensation that he loved her oppressed her innocent young heart; and while she loathed the idea, it returned evermore with fresh strength to her imagination.

Ameerun was in the drawing-room with both her children; but the group woke no fond emotions in the perverted heart of Gilbert Ramsay. He thought the Indian girl looked more swarthy than usual, and the sallow complexion of his infant called an oath to his lips. Little Robert was more loquacious than ever; and his morbid father fancied he could clearly discern the peculiar accent and intonation which distinguish the speaking of an Eurasian. Every word the child uttered increased the ill-humor of the parent, until at length a burst of Hindostanee endearments from poor Ameerun, who vainly sought to soothe his sullen mood, put the finishing stroke to his wrath. He flung her off with the air of disgust with which he might have brushed away a noisome cockroach, hurried to his chamber, and locked himself in. Ameerun, who was still delicate, fainted; the baby, whom she dropped in her fall, began to scream; little Robert began to roar; the Indian servants rushing to the rescue increased the hubbub with their vociferations; and the whole house was in confusion. Lady Marion, on sending out to inquire, could learn nothing of the origin of the uproar; she could only put this and that together—that Ameerun had come down stairs again, and that everything had gone wrong; and very naturally she made these two circumstances cause and effect, and blamed Ameerun accordingly.

Nor did matters go on much more smoothly with Katie on that unlucky evening.

Elspeth soon discovered the fact, though not the circumstances, of her having met Gilbert on his way home; and knowing her brother's mood, and seeing the perturbed and distressed air of the young girl, soon conjectured that something more than mere passing salutations had been interchanged. She did not scruple, therefore, to excite her mind with the same sort of remarks that she had already employed with her brother; but, to her surprise, Katie, at the first hint of Gilbert's "involuntary and secret admiration," burst into violent tears, and emphatically protested "she would go home immediately. God forbid she should put coldness between man and wife!"

"But if they are not man and wife?" gently insinuated the sister.

"Then they are worse!" cried Katie, indignantly. "At any rate, I am best at home. I will go to-morrow morning."

And she did go before breakfast, before any one but a groom was up. She took one of the saddle-horses, and leaving a brief note for Lady Marion, alleging her aunt's illness as an excuse for her precipitancy, she galloped rapidly to Dundee, where she entered the coach for Aberdeen, and was soon far away from Gilbert Ramsay and his dreaded love.

PART III.

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

It was not often, it must be allowed, that the meek-spirited minister of Logie Morriston interfered in the affairs of his lady wife. The Rev. Joseph Wylie had been for years accustomed to look up to the "great house" and its inhabitants as something too high for his presumption to reach. Long had he loved in silence the haughty and beautiful Elspeth Ramsay, who passed the door of his peasant father's house daily in her walks and drives; and it was the flashing of her coal-black eye which first roused the young farmer into ambition. He went to Glasgow and studied; he took his degree at the college there; he became entitled "to wag

his pow in a pulpit," and to wear rusty black daily, instead of blue and brass buttons on Sundays. He returned to his native village, and was asked, in virtue of his profession, to dine at the mansion-house. Lady Marion, pleased with his address and simplicity of character, gave him the living of Logie Morriston, and he, undisturbed by the fearful bugbear of an "inharmonious call," entered at once on his duties, edifying his congregation so much by his zealous assiduity, that they forgot to grumble at the obnoxious act of patronage, or to cry out, as is too often the case now-a-days, for the power of squabbling with the spiritual instructors assigned to them by "the powers that be."

But who can imagine the indignation of the lady, when the low-born though gentle-minded clergyman dared to aspire to her? The rebuff he received drove him back, in humility and penitence, to the recesses of his little white-washed manse. After many years, the unwelcome advent of Ameerun changed the current of Elspeth's thoughts, and her old lover needed but few smiles to fling himself once more at her feet, with all the devotion and simplicity of his boyish faith.

Joseph Wylie was a kind-hearted, well-meaning man; he was a pattern of strictness among his parishioners; his people were governed with a steady hand, but his wife was above his guidance. No control for her. As soon would a dowager-duchess think of whipping her pampered Blenheim spaniel, as the good minister of curbing his haughty and aristocratic idol. He had even more than the common allowance of reverence paid in Scotland to gentle blood. Whatever his wife did was right in his eyes, and if sometimes he had a lurking suspicion that matrimony was even more exacting than courtship, he kept it sacredly to himself. Mrs. Joseph Wylie was supreme.

Wherefore it came to pass on this occasion of his late return from a fatiguing day among the sick and dying, that although Mr. Wylie found his Elspeth pacing hurriedly round the little dining room with flushed cheek and fevered eye, he ventured no further in his curiosity than just to hint, in the most general way, a fear that something had happened to discompose her. And he received for reply an injunction to eat his supper and go to bed. The minister threw in some apposite narrations of the peace his ministering had afforded to the wounded spirits, but the lady paced about more uneasily than before, and the wandering of her troubled eyes showed how little she heeded his remarks.

Her husband at last departed. Mrs. Wylie's brow relaxed somewhat in its moodiness.

"I must not tell him till all is fixed," she exclaimed to herself; "he may bring forward ridiculous scruples—and, after all, I am sure I am acting for Gilbert's advantage. That blackamoor is a dead weight to him, he will never get on in life with her, and he is heartily sick of his folly, and treats her so neglectfully that she will be much happier with her own family among her own countrymen. She is quite out of place here—and her airs, too! How she put me down at once, and then ruined everything I had kept in such trim order! It is not much of an improvement Gilbert's marrying Katie; she has so little money, poor thing! but she can easily be managed, and is so handsome one is not ashamed to show her as the head of the Ramsays. Besides, perhaps she will not marry him, and then I may get him to propose for Lady Margaret Crawford; the Ramsays have always wedded with nobility. Surely I cannot be very wrong in what I have

done! True, 'Those whom God has joined let no man sunder.' But they are not man and wife—indeed, I dare say, Gilbert never thought himself really bound to her, or he would not have fallen so quickly in love with Katie. If he marry Katie, I shall have made two people happy, and redeemed the family honor."

So revolved the wheel of Elspeth's reflections: conscience would not be stifled, but it might be intoxicated into silence; and, at last, she had comfortably persuaded herself that she was acting most nobly and disinterestedly in promoting her brother's happiness; and with this opiate for her disordered spirit, she retired to bed.

Next morning, as soon as Mr. Wylie had gone on his usual round of visits, her brother made his appearance before her. Haggard and restless, bearing evidence in his hollow eyes of a waking midnight, Gilbert Ramsay burst forth into a torrent of passion and irresolution.

"All you said yesterday, Elspeth, is what has been seething through my brain these two months. Ameerun is not my wife; she should never have left her native country. She is unhappy here; she is in everybody's way; she cannot keep her proper place; she is ignorant, wayward, helpless. She is no fit partner for the lord of Logie Morriston! Tell me, Elspeth, am I not right? You are older than me, you understand women, of course, better than I do; is it not better that Ameerun should go home? Then my mother will smile again, then you will not flush with shame for your sister, then my house will be filled with peace and joy!"

Elspeth would rather not have undertaken the responsibility of giving advice so plainly as it was required, but being pressed for her opinion, she gave it in favor of Ameerun's return. She remarked that her brother did not name Katie, and she augured from that a more confirmed intention to replace Ameerun by the young Highlander.

The conference was very long, and not a little stormy. It was agreed that Ameerun was to be sent to London to proceed thence by a trading vessel to the East.

"And her children, of course?" added Elspeth.

To her surprise Gilbert's brow clouded.

"No," he said, huskily, "they are *my* children, and I will keep them."

"But not as——" faltered Elspeth.

"Not as my heirs!" continued the colonel.

"No, I will provide handsomely for them, and give them both a good education, and in time I may get Robert a commission, and the girl, if she lives, which is not likely—she seems a sickly, dwinning babe—may marry some bonnet laird with her portion; so I shall do a father's part by them. They would become savages were they to go back with their silly, weak-minded, illiterate mother. No, my mind is decided on that."

"Ameerun will not go without them," said Elspeth, musingly.

"Will not!" cried the colonel, whose passions were now fully roused, and who had worked himself into a state of great excitement, "*will not!* let her wait till she has the choice. Even were we married by law, the children are entirely mine, not hers."

Elspeth shuddered at the vehemence her own insidious speeches had envenomed; too late she perceived the violence and selfishness she had called into action.

"I go to prepare Ameerun for her departure; she bursts into tears whenever she sees me; so she

will not feel very broken-hearted to hear she is never to see me again. Meanwhile, will you prepare your husband! I will settle everything before Lady Marion hears of it; it is no use flurrying her at her age."

So saying, he stalked out of the house, leaving Elspeth bewildered at the success of her own machinations.

It is often seen that where Nature has denied the brilliant imagination or acute judgment, she has been more than ordinarily lavish of the tender and susceptible feelings of the heart. So it was with Ameerun. Since her arrival in England, she had become painfully conscious of her own mental inferiority. True grace is the result of a composed mind, sensible of its fitness to the duties of society. In India, among women of her own nation, Ameerun had been preëminent for her dignified calmness. But among the lively and excessively educated daughters of the north, the Asiatic became awkward and hesitating in manners. She felt uneasily, and therefore she spoke and acted ungracefully; and in this want of self-reliance, her heart leaned more and more to her clever and admired husband. But the deficiencies which made him necessary to her alienated him from her. Every day she grew more helpless, while she felt more neglected. Her young, fervent heart, thrown back on itself, withered in despair. Choking tears rose in her throat when she saw her changed Gilbert, and the fond words she had meditated for his reception died away in passionate sobs. Sometimes she tried to rouse the indignation which became a slighted wife, but her spirit was nearly broken, and a glance at her forlorn infants stimulated her to bear all meekly for their sakes.

It chanced that on the morning of Gilbert Ramsay's unhallowed resolution, Ameerun had required some India muslin for her baby's dress. She had for this purpose opened a large trunk of camphor-wood, and was turning over its contents in search of the material she wanted; something red caught her eye, and pulling it out, a little gold and scarlet scarf presented itself. That scarf, faded and tarnished now, had been a bridal gift from Gilbert, and well she remembered the playful tenderness with which he had wound it into a turban across her brows. Wrapped in the folds of this still treasured relic was a small English prayer-book, the leaf turned down at the marriage-service. His hand, years before, had made that significant mark; his voice had recited to her the solemn promises they both were to engage in. She seemed again to hear the fervor with which he had spoken the words, "till death us do part." "Oh, God, whom he taught me to adore," she cried aloud, in her intolerable sorrow, "worse than death has already parted our souls! Oh, would we had never left India! There I was all his own; there he loved me—aye, he respected me. Oh, cruel, unkind Gilbert!"

She raised her eyes from the prayer-book and met those of her husband, fixed coldly and sarcastically upon her.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, "complaining and weeping as usual! You are a very ill-used woman, Ameerun, certainly! I am glad you begin to perceive where the error commenced. I am glad you acknowledge the egregious folly we committed in leaving India together. It is a mistake easily rectified. I have no pleasure in continually seeing your tears and hearing your groans; it will be better for us both if you return to your native country and your father's home."

"But the vows, Gilbert!" gasped the bewildered

and terrified Ameerun; "'till death us do part,' 'in sickness and in health!' And, oh, Gilbert, I am in sickness now—sick at heart, frail of body! Remember how you promised to love and cherish me."

"A mere form!" cried her hearer, though not without confusion. "It was not a legal marriage at all; there was no clergyman, no marriage certificate—it was only a compliment to your father's prejudices. I need not have brought you to England at all, but I thought the experiment worth trying, though now you yourself find it has failed entirely. You have never been happy since we came here; neither have I. Eastern alliances are quite out of place in Scotland. Let us put an end to our annoyances at once, by your spontaneous and immediate return to India."

"Gilbert," Ameerun answered, "the vows you vowed were spoken in presence of that God who you have told me reads the inmost hearts of His creatures. He can tell how far falsehood is acceptable in His sight. For myself, woe was the day when I believed your lying tongue, and heard confidently those promises which were to deceive the woman you professed to love, and to dishonor your children then unborn! But I forgive you! This sorrow had never come on me, this sin had never come on you, had you not been urged forwards by those even more false and cruel than yourself—had you not been blinded by the dazzle of a new love. Yes, Gilbert, I have seen it. God pity her if she believes as I believed! Wretched, wretched Katie, your fate, when deserted like me, will be even bitterer than mine! Farewell! I go forth with my children, thrust out from your house as Hagar went forth of old, but the God who befriended her will befriend me in my utter helplessness."

Carried away by the strength of her righteous indignation, Ameerun's voice rose in strength; her form seemed to dilate, her black Oriental orbs to gleam unnatural flames. The coward husband shrank before his outraged and virtuous wife, till she mentioned Katie, and that word inflamed again his selfish and overbearing spirit. Jealousy in so quiet and *nonchalante* a little creature as Ameerun! She turned to leave the room. Again he spoke, with more embarrassment than heretofore—

"You talk of taking the children, Ameerun—that cannot be. You cannot educate them in India; you cannot support them. They are to stay with me. They will be kindly treated, and brought up in comfort and respectability."

Emboldened by her silence, he went on to say—

"You know, even were we legally married, the law gives the father entire power over the children; they are his solely in case of separation, so you perceive I am only taking my just right. You had better not fret about it. Robert and Ella remain with me. You can go back at once, and the sooner you can get it over the better for us all."

While he thus dictated terms, Ameerun grew paler and paler. She said no word, she fetched no sigh, but she leaned against the trunk from which she had arisen at his entrance, fixed and motionless as a marble statue.

He was alarmed and almost repentant. He would have taken her hand, he would have soothed her with delusive promises, but she started at his touch, flung him off with a gesture of abhorrence, and rushing into the next room, caught her infant from its cradle, and pressing it wildly to her breast, cried out to him to approach her at his peril.

"The tigress in her native jungles will die in the

defence of her young, and am I less a mother than the wild beast! Hypocrite! thou hast taught me Christianity, thou hast told me of right, but thou hast showed to me by thy deeds the very blackest of evil. I denounce thee! Thou art no more my husband! My child shall be torn from my arms only when they are stiff in death. I defy thy cruelty—I will appeal to the justice of this land of liberty—I will not give up my children; thou hast forfeited all right to them! They are mine. I have bought them with anguish and pain, with tears and strong crying, with neglect and despair from thee!"

The colonel began to falter in his resolution, Ameerun looked so wildly beautiful in her frenzied agony, her face struggling with haughty impulses, a chaos of contending emotions. At this juncture, Elspeth came to his aid—to the aid, I should rather say, of his evil genius.

At the sight of her haughty brow, the unhappy Ameerun quailed with instinctive dread. Her head drooped, her eyes lost their fire; she folded her arms hopelessly over the babe upon her bosom.

"Cold and pitiless one," she said, "thou art Ameerun's *fate*! Against thee there is no writhing."

"Tell her," faintly stammered Gilbert, "that she must leave me the children—that they will be very happy with me. Manage her, Elspeth, your own way; I can stand this scene no longer. Tell me when she is ready to go, and if she is composed, I will take her myself to Dundee, but I cannot bear to see her sufferings, poor thing! I once loved her dearly; I wish it could be done without giving her such agony;" and passing his hand over his eyes, the selfish man turned from misery he could indit but could not witness.

Ameerun guessed his thoughts, and springing before Elspeth, caught him wildly by his knees.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she cried, in an accent of heart-breaking earnestness, "if you ever had a throb of affection for the slighted, wretched creature that now kneels before you, pause ere you create such madness in my spirit! Not for myself I humble me before you—for my children, dearer to me than life. I conjure you, by the God whom you first named to me, whom you first led me to love, give me my children! To that God I will pray for you night and day if you leave me this solace in my grief. Take from me honor, wealth, good name—everything; but leave me at least the fruits of that unhappy love, innocent and pure as it was, which will darken my whole existence."

Selfish and overhearing as Gilbert Ramsay had ever been, and hardened as he had latterly grown, he had still feelings that could be touched; and what heart of man could bear unmoved the agony of that kneeling suppliant! His breath came and went rapidly, his knees tottered under his weight; another such appeal from her, and the good genius would have won, and this true history been unstained by guilt—but Elspeth was no mother. She knew not the parental impulses struggling then within Gilbert's breast, and urging him once more towards the mother of his children. She saw he was distressed, and wished to spare his feelings; but judging of his resolution by her own stern, immutable self, she dreamed not that his purposes could falter.

Well might Ameerun, in the mournful fatalism of the Orient, call Elspeth her destiny, for truly on her fiat hung the happiness of many minds. Gilbert was startled from his softening reverie by the

touch of his sister, and her voice, calm and decisive as usual in its tones, exercised a strange influence over his wavering mind.

"The surprise is a little sudden to Ameerun. It is natural she should feel reluctant to part with her children, but she is not destitute of common sense. A little reflection will teach her that you alone can provide properly for them, that she would only drag them to ruin and starvation by her madness."

"Ay, let us starve together!" cried the unhappy Hindoo, clasping her babe still closer to her bosom, "better starve with me, poor child, and find an innocent grave, than grow up under the example of yon proud and flinty-hearted woman—than learn, like thy father, to set at naught the laws of God and man."

"The woman becomes violent," said Elspeth, coolly, notwithstanding a heightened color in her face, "it is not to be borne. Go, my dear brother; your presence only exasperates her. She shall be ready to go, I promise you, by seven this evening. An hour's drive to Dundee will take her in ample time for Skinner's packet, which sails at high-tide to-night about ten or twelve. My own maid is busy packing up Ameerun's clothes and jewels; so there will be no delay in that."

The quiet, determined way in which she mentioned these arrangements, had upon the distracted hearer much of the influence which a doctor's discourse has upon a madman. The poor fatalist felt as if an irrevocable die had been cast, an unseen web gathered round, in whose inextricable meshes she could but strive in vain. She gave one loud shriek as her husband's form disappeared in the door-way, and fell senseless across the still open trunk. The infant, dropping unhurt upon its soft contents, was lifted by the imperturbable spectator, and conveyed to an European nurse, whom Elspeth had that morning engaged to take temporary charge of the children. Little Robert was easily deluded to accompany this woman to the manse, which he had frequently visited with Katie, and where he half expected to see her now, and to hear her sing his favorite "*Hieland Laddie*."

Dreadful was the anguish of the unfortunate Ameerun, when, awakening from her swoon she found her baby taken away. In vain did Elspeth reason with all the dispassionate calmness of indifference—in vain was she reminded that she was unable to support her children; shriek after shriek rang through the house, the mother's heart was rent in twain; she raved, she implored, she execrated by turns, till at length her strength, exhausted by the violence of her paroxysms, refused to continue the deadly warfare; and it was in a torpid state that she was at last lifted into the carriage, in which Mrs. Wylie accompanied her to Dundee.

And in those miserable hours was the unhappy one never soothed, never even visited by him who had once promised to cherish her till death!

Shut up in his locked dressing-room, Gilbert Ramsay sat with his hands upon his ears endeavoring to stifle the wild cries of his victim. Cruelly he sinned, cruelly he suffered. Her room was next to his; he could hear, in spite of himself, her frenzied calls for succor, her adjurations, her weepings, every word which *his* barbarity wrung from her bleeding heart. One thing alone steeled him in his savage resolves—she never again named him with tenderness. "My children! my children!" was all her cry. His own act had alienated from him that once affectionate being, and he gnashed his teeth with a mixture of remorse and revenge.

He at length rose in a sudden sting of passion, and hurried into the chamber, where all dishevelled and frantic she stood, and denounced the author of her wretchedness. She saw him, and would have rushed to him, but that Elspeth's strong grasp detained her.

"Go, thou cruel man!" she cried, stamping her feet in passionate powerlessness, "God will judge thee as thou hast judged me, and mete back the measure thou hast meted to me! Go, marry her for whom thy wicked eyes have lusted; find in her arms the retribution which overtakes the guilty! The day shall come of thy reward—a violent death, a hereafter, if thy creed speaks true, of everlasting woe. I fall in my helplessness, but the blood of the innocent shall cry out, and shall have a hearing in the presence of the Most High!"

Gilbert slunk back into his lonely room, and the speaker sank exhausted on the floor. Nor did she recover till near Dundee, when she was alone in the carriage with Elspeth; and her mind, weakened by its conflicts, began to wander, representing her pitiless companion to be an executioner, and herself on the road to a bloody death. Under this horrible impression she screamed and struggled so violently, that when they reached the quay the assistance of four strong men was necessary before she could be detached from the vehicle, to which she clung with the tight grasp of desperation, and be carried on board the vessel bound for London by that night's tide.

These details are almost too harrowing to dwell on, but they are true. It is still a tradition in Dundee, how the whole town was roused by the superhuman cries of "Black Jean," as they had irreverently christened the whilome lady of Logie Morriston.

More than one dweller by the estuary of lordly Tay can recall the gusty evening when mingling with the "*sugh*" of the wind, and the hoarse "*yo-ho's*" of the sailors, came the shrill prolonged wailing of a woman; and looking from their windows they could descry, by the flickering watery moonlight, the dark form of an outward-bound vessel, and the white indistinct figure on the deck, that tossed aloft its arms, and cried for help on the unheeding waters and skies.

For some days after these occurrences, Gilbert Ramsay remained shut up in his room; he communicated with his sister by letter, but would not see her or any one else, pleading indisposition as an excuse.

Elspeth was directed to inform her mother. As she had expected, the virtuous Lady Marion was much shocked, nay affronted, by the idea of an unmarried woman having lived so long as the wife of her beloved son. The story, as told by her daughter, showed Gilbert in a very venial light, for Elspeth, sliding onwards imperceptibly in sin, could not now confuse her plans by boggling over insignificant truths; and though Lady Marion sighed in reply to the casual remark, that "Gilbert had certainly been rather *wild*," she was too gentle and too infirm to bestow the censure upon his fault, which her younger judgment would once have thought merited by the occasion.

"She was disgusted," she said, "at the creature's so readily giving up her children; and did not wonder she shrieked at her departure, knowing her shame was now fully disclosed." So wrongly did Elspeth allow, nay lead her to misconstrue poor Amerun's parting agonies.

As for the Reverend Joseph Wylie's opinion of

these unheard-of events, he received so garbled an account of them, that he was fully persuaded to the notion that Colonel Ramsay, having "sown his wild oats," intended to reform, and become a respectable member of the church.

"To be sure, my dear Mrs. Wylie, with all respect to your brother, it would have been a still better atonement for his youthful vices, had he married the Hindoo girl and legitimized his children."

"My dear Mr. Wylie, such romantic fancies are very benevolent in your words, but they would look very ridiculous in my brother's deeds. Did not you see how unhappy and ill-suited they were! and did not the girl, the very first day I taxed her with her deceit, go off into the most extraordinary ravings and rage, till she was so exhausted she could not step into the carriage? and when she arrived at the boat, although she never once said she wished to stay, she began again to rage so that the men were obliged to lift her into the vessel. For my part, I think her half mad, and consider Gilbert both wise and fortunate to rid himself so quickly of a most dangerous companion."

Such was the version given by the artful Mrs. Wylie, and the good henpecked minister was completely silenced.

In due time news arrived of Captain Skinner, the owner of the Dundee smack, having transferred his passenger (who was severely ill with fever) to the care of the commander of an East India trader; and before this last sailed the poor sufferer had begun to improve in health, though she was so weak she could not leave her couch. Meanwhile the little boy was sent to a school at Edinburgh, the baby was taken by its foster-mother to Kincardineshire, the neighbors jabbered and gossiped to their hearts' content, questioned, praised, blamed; and then the nine days' wonder was forgotten.

Katie knew nothing of the mighty changes in progress. Aberbrethan was a secluded Highland village, far from the post-road, and seldom visited by strangers; and even had letters been accessible, Katie had no correspondents, for those were not the days of the penny-post when ladies' mornings are consumed in pen-and-ink calls, consisting of weather-and-health statistics. A letter then was an elaborate composition, well digested, well arranged, well copied out. Who can say as much for the letters, or rather scraps and fragments, to which the penny-post gives daily birth!

Katie went home fortified with good resolutions. She was to abandon all idea of matrimony, to devote herself to the manufacture of baby-caps and flannel petticoats for the poor, to visit the sick, to read to the old: she was to be the guardian angel of Aberbrethan.

But Katie found her ministrations required in another quarter. Miss Lindsay, her aged aunt, was confined to her room with a fit of rheumatism, and Katie's readings were to lie in the ponderous pages of Sir Charles Grandison, which had just been published, and which exactly suited the taste of the stately old maiden.

"That is the sort of man I admire, Katie," she would exclaim, after the weary girl had waded through ten pages of verbose truisms, and self-complacent moralities. "Such decorum! such breeding! He never would bring home black sultanas like *some* friends of yours!"

Katie colored high at the taunt, and her thoughts flew back to Logie Morriston. Vain is it for woman, when love has once entered the breast, to attempt to

expel the intruder. Once admitted, he is like the keystone of an arch, which *force*, instead of dislodging, presses more firmly into its place. Katie knew her feelings were wrong, and struggled hard to conquer them; but the monotony of her present existence, and the lonely walks in which she indulged when not required to attend Miss Lyndsay, fostered a habit of morbid and enervating melancholy.

She would sit for hours by the burn, gazing at the waterfall; with a romantic sadness likening its restless hurry and headlong crash to the current of her own impetuous impulses. Life appeared to have lost all charm for her; in the total stillness which had succeeded the storm of excitement, she could hear the murmurs of her complaining soul, she could learn that she had overleapt that gulf between unconscious youth and careful womanhood, over which there is no return.

Days passed upon days, Miss Lyndsay recovered, the bright summer came smiling onwards, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the streams glistened for gladness; but Katie sat under the aspen-tree, and wept. Her spirit was fading within her, and poor Miss Lyndsay gazed upon her altered darling, and shook her head in gloomy foreboding.

Katie was in one of these listless, melancholy moods one particularly sunny morning, when the rejoicing aspect of nature seemed to her sickly fancies to insult her depression. She stood under the old aspen on the terrace that overlooked the burn, and twisted to pieces a sprig of rowan blossom, the last of the season. A rustic bridge crossed the torrent within a few yards of the terrace where she happened to be, but the sudden turn of the narrow glen prevented this bridge from being visible to any one in her position.

It was, therefore, a strange surprise when Elspeth Wylie advanced from under the fir-trees near her, and clasping her warily in her arms, questioned her of her health!

Katie answered mechanically, gazing on her with a stupefied air. Recalling her scattered senses at length, she moved towards the house; but her visitor passed her arm round her, and drew her to the mossy bank behind them.

"Let us sit here for a little, I have much to say to you, Katie, before I see your aunt. Do you remember what I said to you at the manse which made you fly off in such a strange humor?"

Katie's reddened cheeks replied for her; her voice seemed dried in her throat.

"Well, well," continued Mrs. Wylie, soothingly, "you thought both Gilbert and me very wicked, I daresay; but what will you think when I tell you that Ameerun has gone back to India? So sensible was she of the duplicity with which she had acted, that she never once asked Gilbert to keep her; and so she is well rid of, and Gilbert is free!"

"And the poor children!" said Katie, her warm heart instinctively turning towards the helpless.

"Oh, they are well looked after by their father, and in good hands, and will be properly brought up. Of course, not as the heirs of Logie Morriston."

"What a heartless woman!" cried Katie, indignantly, "to leave her own children so coolly! Did she actually consent at once to leave them?"

Elspeth was a little staggered by this direct query, but she was sailing too quickly before the wind to "bout ship" for a single falsehood.

Katie was horrified and disgusted. "I never thought Ameerun so unfeeling. She did seem fond

of her children, though Robert was cruelly mismanaged."

"Yes," added Elspeth, "he will improve now his father has sent him to school; and the baby is to be settled with a respectable motherly woman for her foster-mother. So they are both in better hands than with *that* Ameerun."

"And so many years to live with him, and receive the rank and honors of a wife!" repeated Katie, musingly.

Mrs. Wylie hastened to dissipate the doubts arising in the young girl's ingenuous bosom.

"Why, you see, Gilbert's good-nature prevented him from throwing her off when he began to repent his youthful folly, and as in country properties, going frequently over a field gives the public in time a right of way, I suppose Ameerun thought she had acquired a legal right of way over Gilbert's feelings and duties. But she was quite mistaken, I am glad to say. And, besides," she gently insinuated, alarmed at the grave hesitation visible on Katie's open face,—"besides, Gilbert might have been content to make her his wife had he not come to Scotland, and seen the difference between her and really educated women. There is a great excuse for poor Gilbert; his feelings have quite carried him away. He has never been the same since you came to Logie Morriston. I was quite alarmed at the struggle between duty and passion. I knew he feared your delicacy would take alarm on learning the real state of the case; but I always said you had a stronger mind, and could see things in their proper light."

"I always considered Colonel Ramsay as a married man," said Katie, striving for a calm utterance. "It does not seem to mend the matter that Ameerun was not his wife."

"Very well," cried Elspeth, rising haughtily. "My task is done if you consider yourself so much better than all the rest of the world, that you despise a man for attempting to reform the wildness of his youth, for offering you a love which would be to him the mainspring of all virtue. You, and you alone, can make Gilbert worthy of himself and his family; if you can dispense with such devoted affection, I have no more to urge upon the matter. I assure you others are not so fastidious; many of the most distinguished families in Forfarshire have said, they hoped my brother's choice might turn their way; but I know Gilbert too well; his feelings are only a misfortune to him, poor fellow! He will go abroad, I am sure of that; and Lady Marion will feel his loss terribly, besides her disappointment about you, for she is so attached to you, and was enchanted at the idea of having your cares to soothe her dying days. However, I am lowering Gilbert's dignity by all this; he is not far off, a few steps will tell him that you scorn and recoil from him."

The reader, to understand and excuse Katie's feelings during this speech, must remember that she was totally ignorant of the actual facts of the case; that Gilbert's real selfishness and inconsistent vehemence had never been betrayed to her. Elspeth's construction led her to pity him as the dupe of an artful woman; and Katie was not insensible to the idea that *her influence* could be so all powerful. Finally, the news of Lady Marion's approbation staggered her own suspicions of impropriety; and when Elspeth told her but a few steps divided her from this dangerous but too attractive lover, her agitation overcame all her self-command.

"Is he *here*?" she cried, her cheek changing

color again and again; "Here, within a few steps?"

"Yes," said Elspeth, noting well the effect of her words. "Here, in the carriage beyond the bridge. He would not see you till you had decided; he feared to bias you by his presence; he said he would leave all to your own unerring judgment."

This seeming generosity was too effective with poor, wavering Katie.

"Oh no, I dare not see him; I could refuse him nothing. Colonel Ramsay suing to me!"

Elspeth waited for no more admissions of weakness—a call, and Gilbert Ramsay was by the side of the bewildered, frightened Katie!

He poured forth protestations, excuses, prayers, passionate appeals, with an eloquence and fervor that few women could have resisted. Katie listened, and wept, and wrung her hands in uncertainty and dread. "Oh for some one to advise me!" she cried. "Let me ask my aunt! Let me have some other judgment to depend upon!"

"No, no," cried Elspeth, "judge for yourself, dear Katie. It is a question of your happiness; your aunt is prejudiced and old, and knows nothing of the matter. Listen to Gilbert; learn what good you can do, what joy you can shed around you, how useful you can be to his old mother, and his deserted children. Listen to Gilbert, Katie; you will not long hesitate."

Katie *did* listen; and we all know how the tempter of mankind enters most readily at the ear. She listened, and she yielded. In less than an hour the carriage which had brought the visitors rolled away again, and within sat Katie, smiling and weeping in the arms of Elspeth Wylie!

Not a very long time after these events, the old house of Logie Morriston was busked merrily once more, and for a bridal. Katie was led home in triumph by her adoring Gilbert; never was man so exulting, so rapturously excited. Mr. Wylie performed the ceremony, and Elspeth with keen eyes looked questioningly on the crowd, and saw nothing but applauding gestures.

Even Lady Marion, though now very feeble, was present at the entrance to receive the couple. Bon-fires, illuminations, flower-arches, all the ceremonials of rejoicing, were put in practice. Ameerun was forgotten by all—but Katie herself. As the chariot rolled along the approach, the scene of Ameerun's arrival arose so vividly on the young bride's imagination, that her cheek grew pale, and she could hardly restrain her tears. But she would not recall to her husband what she trusted he had forgotten—what she wished herself wholly to forget. Therefore, she choked down her emotion, and sought to reciprocate the delight of Colonel Ramsay. Miss Lyndsay had never seen her niece since the day of her departure. Obdurately did the old lady refuse all consent to the marriage. Elspeth in person visited her to influence her by specious arguments, but the clear-sighted dame did not comprehend sophistry.

"If the poor heathen lassie had been deluded into a false marriage, it was more shame for the colonel to confess it now; but she was not the less his wife before God, and she would never say 'Ay' to the wickedness of her Katie's becoming his leman."

Elspeth rose indignantly at this affront, as she termed it, and no further mediation was attempted for the fugitive from Aberbrethan. Miss Lyndsay

wrote to her niece a most urgent and pathetic letter, imploring her to relinquish her purpose, and declaring that if she married Gilbert Ramsay not a farthing should she have of her money.

Elspeth intercepted this letter by chance, and having read it, burnt it, saying to herself, "Where is the good of vexing poor Katie with an old woman's whims!" The ambitious sister-in-law was reconciled to this disappointment by the very different course adopted by a relative of Katie's father, a proud, money-worshipping, cold-hearted man, who had never so much as sent Katie a riband while she lived obscurely at Aberbrethan. This man was truly one of those sordid souls who think to verify the Scripture declaration, "To him that hath shall be given;" for he never bestowed his gifts till the recipient was above needing them. On hearing of Katie's marriage to the head of so ancient and honorable a line as the Ramsays of Logie Morriston, this creeping creature indited a congratulatory letter to his "dear cousin," and munificently presented her with £10,000 as a wedding-portion—an act of generosity which he immediately recorded in flaming paragraphs in the *Edinburgh Courier* and the *London Morning Post*.

Katie rejoiced that she did not come into the Ramsay house a tocherless bride, but Gilbert, to do him justice, cared not one way or other.

His passion for his beautiful young wife, so long dammed up, now overflowed like an autumn spate. Nor did it abate. She was so gentle, so loving, so submissive, and yet so full of mind, and thought, and playful wit; she made him so agreeable a companion, and withal was such a faithful daughter to his aged mother, and such an orderly ruler of his household, that Gilbert Ramsay grew a different being under her influence. He found it easy to stifle the reproachful memory of Ameerun; he reminded himself that his mother had gained so much by his conduct, that he almost deluded himself into the belief that his abandonment of Ameerun had been a sacrifice to filial duty. The avenger had not yet come to him.

But it was not in Katie's nature to sin and not to suffer. And that she had sinned her heart soon told her. Carried away by her feelings, she had forgotten her principles, but they now arose in all their old power to torment her with remorse.

Ameerun's pale, dark face was ever before her; she never assumed the place of mistress at the table without an inward sense of usurpation. Even in the silent midnights, while Gilbert slept and knew no regret, she listened to the murmurs of her conscience, and wept for her own dereliction from right.

The severest part of her punishment seemed to be, that while blaming her husband instinctively for what she now felt had been cruelty and injustice, her love for him increased tenfold with a wild intensity which made her shudder. She saw him gay and reckless, and she said to herself, "The hour of retribution is yet afar off." But come it must, and this fear haunted her always. For her he had sinned; for love of her he had denied his vows before Heaven, and Katie's only wish was, that on her might fall the thunder.

She endeavored, however, to hide from him the repentance which devoured her, and strengthened by her sleepless devotion for his happiness, she contrived to blind him effectually. She was always lively in his presence. Her songs, her jests, her fund of anecdote and observation, were poured forth for him, but when he departed she sank into

apathy or dejection. I err in this; she still preserved her self-control with Elspeth and Lady Marion, and neither of them could complain of her deficiency in the duties of sister and daughter, while Mr. Joseph Wylie found her an invaluable coadjutor in his schools and with his sick poor. In these last occupations, poor Katie sometimes cheated herself into real heart-happiness; but again recurred the ever-pointed sting, and she would think with St. Paul, "What if after instructing others I myself am a castaway!" She became a mother.

Colonel Ramsay pronounced her boy his heir. Little Robert, branded with the stain of illegitimacy, was flogged and forgotten in a village grammar-school, while the young Gilbert was heralded by rejoicings, and held to the baptismal font by an earl.

The father looked on him with pride, the mother knelt alone by his cradle, and prayed that never might the hand of vengeance fall on that innocent head. She remembered that awful declaration, "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children;" and long and earnestly she struggled in supplication, till the grey dawn found her still there with wet, pale cheeks, and clasped hands, murmuring, "On me—on me alone, O Lord, visit this transgression! Spare them both—let me be the atonement!"

It was a generous, yet mistaken prayer. How dare a worm of the dust offer to atone for the crimes of his fellow-worm!

Time went on. Katie had interested herself, through Elspeth, in the forlorn, deserted orphans of the Hindoo. She often sent them money, and once contrived to visit them in secret. She knew not if her husband took personal care of them; he never mentioned their names to her, but he was so devoted, so attached to her and the little Gilbert, that it was evident he did not repent his marriage.

Miss Lyndsay still continued inexorable. Katie made an attempt to see her, but the old lady returned a stiff message to the liveried servant who took the card, that not having heard of Mrs. Ramsay's death, she could not acknowledge any other person under that assumed title.

Katie, hurt to the core by this indignity in the presence of her own servants, burst into a passion of tears; and the colonel's rage, on learning the story, caused an irrevocable quarrel between the relatives.

PART IV.

"The wages of sin is death."

New trials awaited our young heroine. She was again expecting to become a mother, when the war between Hyder Ally and the English was at its height. Colonel Ramsay's regiment was ordered to Madras, and he himself, from half-pay, to join them. A soldier in spirit Gilbert's heart leaped rejoicingly to the call. His wife's agony checked his aspiring hopes. What was to be done? "I will go with you to the death!" cried Katie. Lady Marion and Elspeth tried to dissuade her. Gilbert started from a reverie, and said, "She shall go; the change will do her good, and I shall be happier with her by my side." Gilbert still thought principally of himself.

Katie blessed him through her tears, and ran to make preparations. These included the little Gilbert. What was her distress when the colonel peremptorily commanded he should be left in Mrs. Wylie's care!

"You will have your baby by the time we reach Madras, and that will be trouble enough in war time."

How faintly in comparison, yet still, with overpowering bitterness, did Katie experience some of poor Ameerrun's sorrow in leaving her children!

She knelt in vain to her husband. He was firm.

"Either you go without him, or you do not go at all; but I require you, and therefore you must come."

It was the first time he had spoken harshly to her, and her soul quailed at his angry glance.

It was a strange fancy which had long possessed her, that when the evil hour came her presence might avert the blow, and now the evil hour was come, she foreboded in her heart that Gilbert Ramsay would never return from this war. And she said, "I will go with him, and die for him, or at least, beside him."

Once resolved, she became composed, parted from her boy with marvellous self-control, and commending him solemnly to the charge of the Wylies, set sail with her husband for Madras.

Many months slipped away after their departure. Those were not the days of rapid voyages, or of overland mails; and the inmates of Logie Morriston were not surprised that no news came of the outward-bound. To be sure they might have encountered a homeward vessel, and a brief "all on board well" been exchanged between the ships; but this does not appear to have been the case, and their adventures remained a mystery for a long time to their Scottish friends.

They had sailed in winter, and it was now the end of autumn. The Wylies had moved from the manse into the house of Logie for the sake of being in close attendance on the aged Lady Marion, who was growing very feeble, though still distinct and clear in mind.

It was a very stormy, windy night, and the rain beat heavily on the old mansion. The sea was roaring unusually loud, and the gusts in the chimneys seemed to shake the foundations of the building. Lady Marion looked harassed and pale; her children implored her to retire to rest; she shook her head, her thoughts were on the ocean with her wanderers.

"A fearful night to be at sea!" she said, in a low voice.

"Mother, they must have reached Madras a month ago! Why terrify yourself with such gloomy fancies? Come, you are nervous, I will sleep in your room to-night and cheer you."

But the mother resisted this offer; she felt quite well enough, she said, to sleep alone; and Elspeth was obliged to content herself with prevailing on her to swallow some nourishing food ere she lay down. As Mrs. Wylie retired, she heard her mother lock the doors of her chamber, both that which opened on the passage, and that which communicated with the dressing-room of the apartment in which Elspeth always slept. The last door was generally left open, that Lady Marion's slightest call might be heard by her daughter. The Wylies went to bed, and all was quiet within, in spite of the raging storm without. This tempest of wind and rain subsided about daylight, and the sun broke out, awakening Elspeth with its beams. She was still in that half-dreaming state when the real world slides unconsciously into our dissolving visions, when she was suddenly startled by the violent ringing of Lady Marion's bell. Louder and louder it rang, with a sharp, angry sound, that speedily

summoned the whole household to the spot. Both the doors being locked and all appeals being vain, it was found necessary to force the lock; and all the while this was being done the bell rang on louder than ever, and they heard Lady Marion's shrieks of anguish—

"Gilbert! Gilbert!—my son! my son!"

When they burst into the room at last, they saw the aged lady upright in her night-clothes on the floor, her grey hairs streaming from under her cap, one hand still convulsively straining at the bell-cord, the other arm extended towards the door that led to Elspeth's dressing-room, on which also her wild and blood-shot eyes were fixed.

"Where is he! where is he!" she exclaimed on seeing Elspeth. "Why did he come to vanish so immediately! Oh, Gilbert, my only son! my beloved one! bring him to me again!"

"Mother!" said Elspeth, in astonishment, "no one can have been here; both the doors you yourself locked last night, the window-bolts are shot likewise: you must have been dreaming!"

"Never dream was like this!" said the Lady Marion, whose agitated features had grown calm and sad while her daughter spoke. "I see it now—it was my Gilbert, but not a creature of this world! I saw him, my children, standing by my side in the full dress of his military rank. He looked on me steadfastly with a pale and melancholy face; the morning sunlight fell full on his figure, and sparkled the star on his breast. I spoke to him joyfully; I spread my old fond arms to embrace him; but still silent and mournfully earnest, he gazed on me and receded backwards to that door leading to the room where he used to sleep. On seeing him gliding that way, I leaped from my bed to follow; alas! when I touched the floor he had vanished, and, in disappointment and alarm, I rang as you have heard."

This statement so coherent, delivered with no remains of the excitement which had just seized Lady Marion, threw Elspeth into great embarrassment; she did not doubt that it was a mere fancy of her aged parent's, but she was afraid to treat it as a delusion. Meanwhile the old lady took out her tablets, and, inscribing on them the day and the hour of the apparition, gave them to her daughter.

"Keep them to verify my words. I know my son hath passed from this world, and I know by the token he hath given me by his presence in the spirit that I shall not linger after him!"

She lay down on the bed as she spoke, being on the verge of fainting. The excitement and exertion had tried too severely her feeble frame. From her bed she never again arose. She grew hourly more exhausted; all the restoratives of the hastily summoned physician failed to produce the necessary stimulus to the worn-out system. She lay painless, indeed, and conscious, as her dim eyes at times evinced, but quite cold and powerless. Life seemed lulling in her like the lulling of a slight breeze at sea. So she went on all night, in the morning there were a few flickerings in the breast, a sudden gleam of animation—a long, deep sigh, and all was over with the good and gentle Lady Marion Ramsay. She died at the advanced age of eighty-six, and was laid beside her husband in the burying-ground of his ancestors.

Elspeth and Mr. Wylie remained at the old mansion and awaited news of their absent friends. Poor Miss Lyndsay suffered more than any one. Now that Katie was beyond her reach, now that she heard nothing to prove that she was alive or dead,

her old heart began to yearn towards the beloved orphan whom she had adopted and reared for so many years. The tale of Lady Marion's death and its strange attendant circumstances were soon bruited about by the frightened servants of Logie Morriston, many of whom had given up their places rather than remain in a haunted house.

Miss Lyndsay was a Highland lady of the old school, and she had a tinge of superstition in her character. This was successfully worked upon by old Maggie Macdougall, Katie's nurse, who, acting on the hint furnished by Lady Marion's end, became so prolific in the productions of ominous visions, and sounds on the winds and in the waters of the burn, that poor Miss Lyndsay went well-nigh distracted. After a year or more had elapsed she attempted, and not in vain, to effect a reconciliation with the Wylies, who were now in a state of unfeigned alarm at the continued uncertainty regarding their relatives. By Miss Lyndsay's request, little Gilbert Ramsay was sent on a visit to Aberbrethan. His grand-aunt alternately wept and rejoiced over him.

He had been with her about a month, when she took him one day into the garden, from which they wandered to the mossy terrace, where Katie had yielded to the fatal solicitations of her lover. Miss Lyndsay, oppressed with painful remembrance, stood leaning against a large fragment of rock which had slipped from the crag above her head. The little boy ran playing around her gathering the wild hyacinths, for it was early spring. After a few merry gyrations he uttered a cry of fear, and, running to his grand-aunt, clasped her gown, exclaiming—

"See! see! under the trees; what is that white thing moving? Is it the wraith Maggie talks of?"

Miss Lyndsay looked in the direction he pointed; certainly a white thing was moving there, the boughs rustled in the thicket, and a woman rushed forth and caught the frightened child in her arms.

"My child! my child!" she cried, and Miss Lyndsay, pale and agitated, saw that it was the Katie of her love.

But how different in appearance from her beautiful, happy Katie at seventeen! This woman was gaunt and haggard, her sunken cheeks tanned to a dark brown, her dulled hair drawn straight back from her face, her garments coarse and worn to tatters, and her eyes indescribably piteous with mingled grief, horror, and fear. Miss Lyndsay doubted her identity.

"You cannot be Katie!"

"Oh, aunt! take me away from this ugly woman!" cried the boy.

And the wanderer, loosing her hold, dropped senseless on the ground.

The nurse, hastily summoned, at once recognized her foster-child.

"Sorely, sorely altered; but my ain bairn still."

She was taken to the house and kindly tended. When she recovered her senses she was able to tell them something of her dreadful story; but the excitement brought on paroxysms of feeling, which for many weeks prevented them from learning a distinct or coherent narrative of all that had occurred. We shall, therefore, relate it as briefly as possible in its natural progression.

Ere the ship had reached Madras Katie was delivered of a little girl. She was fortunate in the attendance of a respectable woman, the sergeant's wife of the regiment her husband commanded.

For a few days after they landed Katie's delicate

health confined her to the house, and she saw little of the colonel, whose business demanded his whole time and attention. She was grieved, when he did come near her, to mark the heavy cloud on his brow. Since he had again set foot on India's shore he had changed in many ways. He was by turns moody and restless, drank more, talked more, and avoided her quiet, thoughtful conversation. At length came orders for him to join the main army with his detachment; part of his regiment had previously advanced. Katie happened to be in the room when the orderly brought him his directions from the commander-in-chief with the route marked down which he was to follow. He turned pale as he read it.

"This goes right through the Rajah of Attoor's territory!"

"Yes," answered the orderly.

"No matter!" rejoined the colonel, tossing the plan aside with a gesture of indifference. But Katie saw that his face changed as he turned from the other officer and led the way to the eating apartment, where he drank a large draught of sherry-and-water, complaining of thirst.

"Prepare for your journey," he said, briefly, to Katie that evening on his return from his ride. "Take as little as you can contrive, and leave the rest with my agents here."

Katie obeyed, and next day they set forth upon their march. The weather was very hot. They rode from four or five at night till sunrise next day, and slept in their tents. The baby was carried by its mother in her arms as she rode; fortunately they did not require to travel with any rapidity, or this would have been impossible. Katie had no servant. In the hurry of departure she was driven to despair by the refusal of her native ayah to accompany her, and there was no time to procure a substitute. She would have implored her husband to delay a day or two, but he was in one of his moody fits and repelled her rudely.

Too well Katie guessed the cause of his discomposure. In his sleep he murmured Ameerun, and deprecated her resentment. On inquiry, Katie learned from some of the soldiers, that the Rajah of Attoor had a sister, who had been in England, and divorced by an English gentleman, and that this rajah had sworn revenge. The man who told her this had been lately drafted from another regiment, and had no idea of the name of the party suspected of so foul a wrong.

Katie wept bitterly that day as she nursed her baby, and again she prayed fervently, "Let me be the sacrifice; on my head let the hand of the avenger descend!" But it was otherwise ordered.

They had been about ten days in their journey, and had reached some fine hilly scenery; the paths became narrower and steeper, and in many places approached almost to defiles. Gilbert grew more and more restless and disturbed in spirit. But we must let Katie tell the rest in her own words:—

"We had worn through a long, hot day in our tents, pitched under a peepul tope, which threw a refreshing shadow over a small plain.

"Gilbert was singularly dejected; the sight of his child seemed to affect him painfully. He was more affectionate in his manners than he had been since our arrival in India. I opened the Bible, and read to him the last five chapters of St. John's gospel. He was soothed and touched, and kissed me fondly when I concluded. It was then time to start, as the sun was declining, and a cool breeze had sprung up.

"While they were striking the tents, my hus-

band mounted his horse and galloped about the plain to discover our future path. He came back to me in high glee, which astonished me.

"Look, Katie," he said, "there is the most exquisite ravine you ever saw opening through those hills!"

"That is our track," said the guide; "but do not attempt it alone, sahib."

"Gilbert laughed.

"Mount quick, Katie, and come on with me, the six advanced guards are ready!"

"The baby and I were immediately mounted, and we all cantered off with the advanced guard.

"The scene was, indeed, magnificent. On one side a high precipice, thickly wooded; on the other a calm, crystal pool, which filled the bottom of the valley, leaving scarce room for the narrow footway. In the distance rose gigantic mountains, their snowy tops purple with the setting sun. All was deep repose, but not silence; the many voices of the air which commence at sunset in India, made a curious concert around us. The hoarse croak of the bull-frogs in the pool, the click of the grasshoppers, the hum of the beetles and the cockchafers, the whirr of the bats, and now and then the hissing of some fearful snake. Why do I dwell on these details, but because I tremble to approach the catastrophe! We had ridden about half way through the valley when the dense thicket on our right hand became suddenly alive with men; a tremendous yell made our horses stop short in uncontrollable affright, and a shot from an unseen hand killed the animal on which my husband rode. Behind me I heard shots and cries as the lurking foes sprang upon the troopers; but my eyes were dizzy with horror, for two native horsemen dashed upon my husband, who had fallen from his horse, and, tearing him from his saddle, murdered him before my eyes with repeated wounds. As they struck they cried fiercely, 'Ameerun! Ameerun!'

"Sick and giddy I could no longer sit upright, and all I remember is tumbling from my seat to the ground with my poor baby still in my arms. When I came to myself it was clear moonlight. The quiet lake was the same; but, by that blue unearthly light, I saw that the road was strewn with the bodies of men and horses. It was deserted now by all but one white figure, which bent over my husband's corpse. I know not how I did it but I rose, though dreadfully bruised, and went towards it. The white-shrouded thing turned to me, and I saw Ameerun's pale, dark face!"

"Yes," she said, in sad, serious tones, "my wrongs are avenged! my fierce, proud brothers, have wiped out the stain! Yet, O, Gilbert, my only love! would I could waken thee to smile on me once more! Poor, forlorn girl, you have soon paid the debt of your folly! Yet you were kind to me when I needed kindness; and I know that, had I stayed in Scotland, you would never have consented to be his. Poor, helpless creature! so stupefied by grief, that you heed not the dead babe at your breast!"

"Instinctively I looked at my child, I unfolded the coverings in which it had been wrapped. Alas! my fall from horseback had been fatal. Its little head had struck against a stone, and it was cold and lifeless in my hold. My wild cry of despair touched the stern, cold Ameerun. 'Come with me, I will give you shelter; here you can but die.'

"Here I will die!" I exclaimed, and threw myself on Gilbert's body.

"Ameerun went away, and soon returned with

two women, who lifted me up, weak and powerless as I was, and conveyed me away so rapidly that I again became insensible; nor did I recover a perfect use of my faculties for many days, during which I lay in Ameerun's zenana, carefully nursed by her female attendants.

"When I recovered sufficiently, she told me her brothers had sought for me, but she had concealed me from them; but that as a female relative was coming with a large train to visit her, I could not remain in her apartments with safety. She, therefore, disguised me as a native woman of the lower order, giving me a few phrases of their peculiar dialect to repeat, (for they did not here speak Hindostanee,) and directed me to the nearest European camp.

"Before I departed, however, she led me into the compound, or shrubbery, on which opened her verandahs, and there, under a large spreading banyan-tree, she showed me a grave, marked only by a broken marble pillar. Near it there was a smaller one twined with young rose-trees.

"'Here sleeps my Gilbert,' she said, 'and beside him is his little child; not mine, yet not less his, and therefore are its ashes dear to me. White-browed daughter of the West, leave your beloved ones in my keeping.'

"I only answered by my hopeless tears. Who can paint the parting from the graves of those two? At last I yielded to Ameerun, and she led me gently away. She lives a secluded life; whether she has returned to the faith of her people I cannot tell; but I know this, she will never love again.

"The very next morning I set forth on foot; dreary and dangerous was my journey. By day I lay in the mosques or the tombs by the way-side; by night, with a pine-torch in my hand, I travelled as far as my weary feet could bear me. After some days I reached the cantonments to which Ameerun had directed me. They had just been abandoned; there was no person left but a corporal, who had obtained leave to linger a few days with his sick wife. These good people received me kindly, furnished me with new clothing, and directed

me to the nearest French territory, as being more accessible and safe than the shifting military camps. Incredible difficulties presented themselves to a poor wandering woman; but despair has a strength of its own. I did not care to live, and therefore I have lived. Indeed, at last, I grew to delight in my perils, to love danger for its own sake. I arrived, after much trouble, at the house of a French commandant. He had two sweet daughters, ordered to Europe on account of their ill health; they generously offered to me to accompany them; I did so as their servant. They knew not my name, and I concealed that I was a lady. I came in their service to Paris, and have thence travelled here, partly by diligence or coach, partly on foot, for my money was all spent, and I had to beg a passage from London to Dundee. When I reached that town I heard my boy was here, and here have I come to look on him ere I die."

"Don't talk of dying, my darling," sobbed her aunt, folding her in her arms; "live with us, and be the comfort of the aged and the orphan."

Katie recovered, but not for a long time. She never regained her beauty or her gayety, but she learned peace at the only source, and in teaching her boy and ministering to the wants of the sick and the poor she passed the remainder of her days.

She did not return to Logie Morriston, which she begged Elspeth to use as her residence, preferring the peaceful retirement of the mountains. Her boy being well provided for as the heir of that family, she divided her own property between the orphans of Ameerun, whom she educated with her own child, in all fraternal love and intercourse. They were three happy children, and never knew the sorrow in which they had been born. The parents had expiated the sin, and the young ones grew up to health and gladness. Elspeth was heavily stricken by the dreadful end of her idolized brother; but it was well for her to be afflicted, and a great change came over her. "Never think you can go wrong with impunity," she would say to her nephews; "be sure your sin will find you out."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path"—PSALM cxlii. 3.

My God! whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee "Father"—sweet endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to thee.

From human eye 't is better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel,
But Oh, this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all are known to thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear, I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—
All, all are known to thee.

When, in the morning, unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make—
All, all is known to thee.

Nay, all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned,
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand

Prescribes for ills none else can understand—

All, all is known to thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me thy longed for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more—

All, all are known to thee

And this continued feebleness—this state
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await—
That cure I leave to thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of thy dear love;
The cup thou would'st not for our sakes remove,
That cup he drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath—for those whose cup of woe he drained,
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained—
All, all is known to thee.

And welcome, precious can his Spirit make
My little drop of suffering for his sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take—
All, all is known to thee.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Les Rues de Paris : Paris Ancien et Moderne.
Ouvrage rédigé par l'élite de la Littérature Con-
temporaine, sous la direction de LOUIS LURINE.
2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

No city has been so fortunate in its special historians as Paris. It is a consequence of the intense love which Frenchmen have towards their great capital, that writers above the ordinary stamp have taken a pleasure in dwelling on those details of its annals which are generally left to dry and laborious topographers. Paris has passed from the hands of Corruzet, Dom Brice, Sauval, and the rest of her old-fashioned chroniclers, into those of authors who have illustrated her monumental history and actual life, with wit, feeling and philosophy. Saint Foix is respectable, and sometimes amusing. Mercier, in his two *Tableaux de Paris*, has given a specimen of a singular thinker, not without genius, though strangely deficient in style; and whose pages rivet the reader's attention in spite of himself, unpleasing as both matter and manner often are. Dulaure, no doubt, owed most of his popularity to mere vulgar Jacobinism; yet he, too, is readable, though abundantly superficial. In our own times, Charles Nodier employed his light and elegant pen on sketches of Parisian topography; and the two volumes before us contain the contributions of some thirty or forty writers, several of them distinguished, which form a kind of History of Paris by streets, illustrated with woodcuts in the modern style. The work is a bookseller's speculation, and somewhat carelessly got up—abounding in that diffusion and repetition which its method of composition ensures; yet there is much of talent scattered over its pages, which are full of interest to uncritical readers, and especially to those who have a fondness for the memorable scenes and streets of the great continental metropolis.

It is not, however, to be expected, that French writers of the modern school, disciples of Victor Hugo, and worshippers of "Notre-Dame de Paris," should approach the "middle-age" part of their subject without drawing amply at second-hand from the stores of a master, whose own inspiration was second-hand at best. Victor Hugo himself, we are bound to confess it, fond as we are of antiquarianism almost in every shape, failed altogether, to our thinking, in overcoming the barrier which existed between the mind of the age he was endeavoring to portray, and his own. His heroine is to us a mere Mignon without poetical soul—his priest and his captain are mere personages of the Ann Radcliffe school, dressed up in ill-fitting costumes of the fifteenth century—and his only real force is expended on Quasimodo, a creation of some imaginative power, but of the lowest and most material order. But of his followers, one and all, we are forced to say, that their productions leave scarcely any impression on the mind except that of the laborious and undigested cramming which they must have undergone to compose them. We ought to except Paul Lacroix, a writer with antiquarian lore enough to eclipse Walter Scott himself, who, after all, was chiefly distinguished by his extraordinary faculty for realizing and assimilating knowledge not very extensive or complete; but then all Lacroix's learning poorly compensates his utter want of imagination, and gross sins against good taste. One and all, they force us back on our unavailing regret for the loss of the truly great master whose genius created this style of composition;—

too superficial, too common-place, it is now the fashion to say, for these days, when all thought must be profound, and all feeling intense: but how strongly true, how touching, how natural, we only know when we have toiled through the volumes of dreary exaggeration which his successors inflict upon us.

One reason for this want of success may be, that the French have long and thoroughly divorced themselves from the middle ages, and broken off all connexion with the distant past. They have to learn its language now, like one of the classical tongues. They have little or none of the lingering feudalism of England and Germany, or the lingering mediæval religion of Spain and Italy. To them the pages of Froissart are no more living records than those of Thucydides. Now, the very same peculiarities of mental constitution which make Frenchmen such indifferent travellers—which render them so home-keeping by nature, so indisposed to extensive locomotion, so ill at ease when compelled to it, so thoroughly French, whether encountered on the Ganges or the Plata, at Otaheite or on the borders of the Sahara—seem to disqualify them in a similar manner for that kind of intellectual expatriation which is requisite to the historical novelist. They travel on the surface of the past only; they rarely penetrate into its being; their souls are with the present, just as the inner man of the wandering Parisian is ever clinging to the Quais and the Boulevards. It is the condition of their existence. The very faculties which exist in their utmost perfection in France alone, are cramped and distorted when used in the unnatural labor. No one can tell a story so well as a Frenchman: no stories are so utterly dull and pointless as those of French historical romances. The very same author who could thrill the inmost heart with the simple adventures of a peasant and a grisette, or a dandy and a "lioness," is paralyzed when his puppets are termed a knight and a châtelaine. He can only put them through a series of stiff, artificial jerks, instead of graceful motions; and make them compensate for the wretched dullness of the rest of their performance, by sinning and dying in some violent and unnatural attitudes.

Moreover—which is more immediately to our present purpose—though France be the native country of feudalism and chivalry, yet the Paris of the middle ages is not a very interesting city to the imagination. It wants a distinct historical character. It has no monuments of splendid civic aristocracies, like those of Italy; nor of the higher order of burgher-life and independence, like the cities of the Netherlands; no sacred corner, like Westminster, with its overpowering tide of national recollections. It scarcely showed any signs of the turbulent freedom of the old communes, except once, in the ferocious period of the Burgundian and Armagnac massacres—unless we are to add the time of the League, with its coarse and sanguinary fanaticism. For a city of such antiquity and importance, moreover, it is remarkable how little Paris has, or ever had, to show of the architectural splendor of the ages in question. Except the Sainte Chapelle, no first-rate specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, as far as we are aware, ever existed at Paris; none, at least, of Parisian origin and character. Notre-Dame is a poor specimen of the art of the glorious fourteenth century. The absence of steeples and pinnacles in the distant view of Paris—the peculiar feature of most old northern cities—is very noticeable; nor were they ever much

more numerous than at present. Nor are we believers in the tales which Parisian antiquaries very pardonably credit, of the ancient splendor and wealth of their capital. We have no faith in the 275,000 inhabitants whom Dureau de la Malle crowds within its narrow circuit in the reign of Philip le Bel: and scarcely believe in the 40,000 well-armed soldiers whom it turned out, if we may credit Monstrelet, in the middle of the famines and miseries of the fifteenth century. Compared with other famous towns of Europe, for the seven long centuries after Charlemagne, we believe it to have been a poor and gloomy city; not incorrectly represented, perhaps, by such wretched outskirts as the Faubourg Saint Marcel in later times, by which Candide entered Paris, and "thought himself in the most miserable village of Westphalia;" which banished all Alfieri's illusions, and seems to have left so indelible a first impression on the wayward Italian, that he could notice nothing in the French capital but the poverty of the public buildings, and the *bruttissime faccie delle donne*. Its slow and often-interrupted improvements seem to have been generally the results of royal command, ill obeyed—rarely of civic or national spirit. There was no pavement until the royal stomach of Philip Augustus was turned, as he looked out of his window in the Cité, by the odors proceeding from a wagon plunging up the mud of the streets; and the mandate which issued thereupon must have been slowly executed, for years elapsed before the perambulation of the streets by pigs was forbidden, when a son of Louis le Gros had been thrown from his horse by one of these untoward animals. Things, moreover, must soon have fallen back to their ancient condition; for the modern pavement of the Cité is said to be six feet above the level of that of Philip Augustus. From Philip le Bel, who built the first quay, down to Napoleon, who completed the double line within which the waters of the Seine are imprisoned, the chroniclers scarcely mention one popular name, among the long series of monarchs, to whom Paris owes these indispensable constructions.

We are conscious of only one exception to the generally unattractive character of the annals of ancient Paris: it is to be found in the history of its venerable university—rich in strange events as well as striking characters. The university was a nation of itself, with all the spirit and independence of a nation: it was the great corporation of learning and instruction; and, by whatever names its existence has been preserved, however great the changes in the subject-matter of its employment, it remains the same nation still. The priesthood of learning was and is a caste apart—the only surviving caste of modern days. More or less influencing the world around, more or less elevated and prosperous, it has ever been true, in the main, to its vocation—ever proud and self-dependent. The ancient university, the Sorbonne—nay, the Jesuit colleges, often remodelled and interfered with, never were the slaves of kings or popes, but sometimes their masters. And it so happens that the venerable quarter of the Pays Latin, still peopled by students, retains at the present day more of tradition, more perhaps of substantial antiquity, than all the rest put together. You may see at the Collège de Dainville, the very window—or that which has passed for centuries as such—from which the body of Peter Ramus, murdered for denying the infallibility of the pope and Aristotle, was thrown on the pavement below. Hard by stands the old Collège des Cholets, where

Buridan, that sage of equivocal reputation, rescued from his sack and the Seine, maintained for a whole day the thesis that it was lawful to slay a queen of France. The neighborhood of the Sorbonne contains the Collège or Hotel de Cluny; not historically celebrated, but the most beautiful specimen of Gothic art extant in Paris. It was utterly unknown and neglected for ages. Dom Germain Brice only remarks of it, "that it is remarkable for nothing but its solidity; and such is the arrangement of its rooms, that great alterations must be made if it was necessary to render it suitable for the modern fashions;" and of the neighboring chapel, he adds, that, "Gothic as it is, it produces a certain recreation, by disposing the eyes to remark the difference between the gross and rustic style of building of past ages, and the correct and studied manner of these latter times." David had his studio close by the Hotel de Cluny—and never caught one breath of its inspiration to correct his proud classical coldness. It is now preserved with the utmost care, as a museum of *moyen-age* antiquities: every grotesque ornament is worth its weight in silver; yet it may be doubted whether, in this tide of fashion, the old hostel is much more really appreciated than it was by Brice and David.

But if the earlier history of Paris is thus comparatively scanty in topics of interest, the era which commences with the revival of letters makes abundant compensation by the wealth of its recollections. Paris is emphatically the city of light, intelligence, society, and refined life; and its historian begins to breathe his proper atmosphere, as soon as he has issued from the gloomy and stifling air of the middle ages. Then the great city began to expand her arms, and embrace the spacious demesnes, royal and noble, which had hitherto lain idle without her gates. Then the edifices erected within those demesnes began to change their character; and instead of her castles of the olden time—the heaviest of all castles, with their cylindrical towers and extinguisher roofs—arose all the diversified splendor of the *Renaissance*. The sixteenth century, of which we have scarcely any memorials left in London, is the date of many of the most remarkable buildings of Paris; the Tuileries, part of the Louvre, the Hotel de Ville, and many churches and still surviving hotels. Others, of greater magnificence, have passed away;—such as the Hotel de la Reine, built by Catherine de Mediceis, on the site of which the present Halle aux Blés stands, perhaps the finest private building of its age: its elegant tower alone remains. The sixteenth century began by emancipating kings and their dwellings from the constraint of feudalism: and was, at least in Northern Europe, peculiarly the era of palaces and courts. It ended by achieving a greater work, and laying the foundations of modern domestic society;—the great embellishment of life, and highest of its cultivated pleasures. And as France was the first in the career of social refinement, and set the example to all other nations in this department of civilization, so the history of Paris becomes of universal interest, as soon as the age of modern society opens, at the conclusion of the wars of religion, and reign of Henry the Fourth.

If the reader would obtain a view of the spot which may almost be called the cradle of social civilization—if he would at a single glance realize, to a certain extent, the external world of that delightful era of chivalry and literature, wit, buffoonery, extravagance, and imagination, which is

portrayed in the French Memoirs of the seventeenth century—he should travel in a direction in which, probably, not one in a thousand of our countrymen in Paris ever bends his steps, and, leaving the squalid bustle of the Rue Saint Antoine, turn by a narrow street into the Place Royale. The aspect of its solemn old houses—so stately and gentlemanlike in their decay, so well preserved in their exterior, their silent rows so strangely contrasting with the busy and dirty region in their vicinity—will strike forcibly the imagination, even of one unacquainted with their history. They seem like palaces abandoned for a season, not tenanted—waiting for the return of their noble and courtly owners, gone on a far journey. But much more powerfully will it effect the visitor, if he knows even superficially the history of the spot; and is aware that the first existence of fashionable city life—of society such as he sees it among the better classes of any capital in Europe—may be traced back to those now deserted habitations. This is the light in which they have been viewed by Jules Janin, in his contribution to the work before us; for, allowing for the flutter and affectation of style which belongs to the Prince of *Feuilletonists*, there is both feeling and truth in his description.

“Believe me, even to the lightest, and, apparently, most frivolous dispositions, it is a melancholy task to search under these cold ashes for the few sparks which they still cover: it is a melancholy task, after the lapse of two generations so full of life—the life of wit, grace, genius, beauty, and courage—to pass over the same spot, now abandoned to nameless old men, to children, to invalids—to everything which is silence, oblivion, repose. When you walk on these sounding flagstones, the noise of your steps terrifies you, and you turn round your head to see if some one of the heroes of old days is not following you—La Trémouille, Lavardin, Condé, Lauzun, Benserade. In the midst of this darkness and silence, you ask yourself, why have not the people of M. de la Rochefoucauld, of Gabrielle d’Estrées, and Madame de Montespan, lighted their torches to show the way to the carriage or the sedan of their mistress? Hush! from whence came that sound of music and *petits violons*? It came from the Rue du Parc; and this crowd of eager-looking citizens, whither are they going? They are following the invitation of their friend Molière; they are hastening to the Comedy, the new source of excitement which attracts them: they are bound for the Hotel Carnavalet, where *Georges Dandin* is acted to-night. And all the great hotels which I see here, of which the gates are closed and silent—and all these lofty windows, where no one shows himself except some servant-girl in rags—how were they called heretofore? These were the Hotel Sully, the Hotel Videix, the Hotel d’Aligre, the Hotel de Rohan, the Hotel Rotrou, the Hotel Gueménée—noble dwellings turned into ill-furnished lodgings, against which the cobbler of the corner, and the public scribe, have reared their squalid stalls! What may these aristocratic walls think of seeing themselves thus decayed, silent, disdained! What stillness in these saloons, once so animated with powerful conversation! What sadness on these gilt ceilings, all charged with loves and with emblems! What incessant change—what ultimate wretchedness! And does it not need some courage, once more be it said, to trace out all the remembrances of this fair spot, in which lived, and

thought aloud, the rarest wits, the noblest geniuses, the most delightful satirists, the most excellent characters of that singular age which preceded so closely, as if to foreshadow it, all the French seventeenth century: great names, before which every one bows with reverence; illustrious frequenters of the Place Royale, and component parts of its history. Nevertheless, this evocation of old times is thus far useful, that it may help to console us for the oblivion and silence which threatens us in turn. When we think of how few years the glory, and renown, and popularity of this world are composed, we end by troubling ourselves a little less about them.”*—(Vol. i., p. 58.)

This famous Place Royale occupies the site of the ominous Hotel des Tournelles, built, or rebuilt, by an Englishman, the regent-duke of Bedford, when the English counted on the permanence of their dominion in France—the scene of the splendor and the crimes of the house of Valois—the site of the tournament where Henry II. received his mortal wound—pulled down, in consequence it is said of superstitious terrors, by his son Charles IX. The Place Royale was built by Henry IV., and its style of architecture served as the model of our own Covent-Garden, as well as many other civic constructions of the same age. Fashion soon selected its magnificent hotels for her residence; from which it has now departed for many generations. We can remember, however, the residence of an ex-minister in the Place Royale under the Restoration: how long this solitary memorial of past grandeur has ceased, we do not know.

Under the reign of Louis XIII., however, this silent square was the centre of the best society of Paris, and of the world. It is scarcely too much to say, that the distinguishing tone of modern civilization had its origin in that circle which assembled first round Madame de Rambouillet, and her daughter Madame de Montausier, and of which Madame de Sévigné was afterwards the life and ornament. Justice has lately been done in the pages of this journal to the memory of the Hotel Rambouillet; but the historian of Paris can scarcely pass it by without devoting a few words to the subject, and to the influence which that circle had on the social life of its generation and the next.

Cardinal Richelieu, take him for all in all, was perhaps the ablest, if not the greatest of Frenchmen, (for Napoleon, it must be recollected, was not a Frenchman by birth;) and he was the most essentially French. Capable of the greatest schemes of statesman-like ambition, the smallest personal interest or personal pique lay ever more closely at his heart. Even while planning his vast combinations of foreign and domestic policy, the bulk of his

* M. Janin, in his brilliant but careless way, seems to place the Hotel Rambouillet in the Place Royale, which was not the case. There were two hotels of that name. The original town-house of the family was pulled down in 1629: it formed part of the site of the Palais Cardinal, (Palais Royal.) The mansion of “Arthénice,” the rendez-vous of Parisian literature and fashion, was originally called the Hotel Pisani, having belonged to the Marchioness’ family. It was situated Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, No. 15. The curious reader may consult a note of the Baron de Walckenaer, in his *Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné*, in which this matter is thoroughly sifted. To the list of hotels eminent in the annals of Parisian society, which were situated in or near the Place Royale, may be added the house of the fair Marion de l’Orme, with its interior decorated by Solomon de Caus, who, as his countrymen say, communicated the discovery of the steam-engine to the Marquis of Worcester. Cardinal Richelieu lived at No. 21.

time and thought seems to have been occupied with cares of the most trifling description: with amorous and literary enterprises, having nothing but the gratification of vanity for their object: with elaborate devices of mystification and buffoonery, childish rivalries, womanish intrigues, and the tricks of a malicious monkey. He had none of the sympathies, few of the prejudices, of his age. Neither sacred things, nor consecrated impostures, had any empire over him. King, pope, and parliament, were to him mere names, representing pieces in the game of politics. Yet the same man was the slave of the paltriest impulses, when his conceit or egotism was piqued. If we read of him one day as guiding the sword of Gustavus, stemming the Romish reaction, founding the short-lived absolute monarchy of France; the next day, he figures as on a level with poor Dr. Goldsmith, when he wanted to exhibit his agility in jumping over a stick against a showman's puppet. This is no idle comparison. Brienne has recorded how Mary of Medicis, making sport of her clerical lover, then Bishop of Luçon, persuaded him, by adroit reflections on his skill, to execute a new saraband in her royal boudoir, with castanets in his hands, and in the costume of an Andalusian majó—amidst the suppressed convulsions of laughter of certain spectators posted behind the arras—laughter which Richelieu, when he discovered the trick, never forgot or forgave to his dying day. On the one hand, father Joseph, the masked politician, the secret councillor of all the deepest plans of Richelieu's ambition; on the other, Bois Robert, the unfrocked atheist and buffoon—these are the contrasted figures with which that of Richelieu seems inseparably connected. On the whole, great as he was, there is something fundamentally odious in his character, which makes him one of the most uninteresting great men of history. Like Voltaire, whom he so strikingly resembled in many points of character, he was spiteful, hard-hearted, and cruel. He hated the queen, who had rejected his impudent suit. He hated all whom she favored. His political victims were not many, but they were hunted out with peculiarly cold and careful cruelty. He could be generous towards those who had committed offences against him: there is a striking story told by Tallemant des Réaux, who may be believed when he speaks well of any one, of his conduct towards a thievish secretary; but he could not forgive an insult, a jeer, or the slightest mortification to his vanity, or opposition to his projects. His death was felt by France like the relief from a nightmare—from the king to the lowest rhymester of the *ruelles*, all joined in the burden of the couplets which proclaimed it.—

"Il est parti, il a plié bagage,
Ce cardinal!"

But it is remarkable that a man so hateful, so destitute of all faith and all loftiness of purpose, should have left such durable impressions on the world. Scarcely does Paris itself, which is full of his relics—the Palais Royal, the library, the street which bears his name—speak more plainly of Richelieu, than that fabric of modern European policy, of which he has, scarcely with exaggeration, been termed the founder.

But while Richelieu broke down the feudal power of the nobles on the one hand, his jealous rule prevented the formation of any brilliant court on the other. Nor was the character of Louis XIII. suited to render him the centre of a sparkling

circle, or the leader of the fashion of his kingdom. These circumstances, together with the eager appetite which began to be felt for the new delights of taste and literature, contributed to the formation, for the first and only time in French history, of what may be termed an independent society. For the first and only time, men breathed and moved in circles of their own, and had scope to form their tastes, and exercise their understandings, unfettered by prevailing influences from without. The short interval between the establishment of Richelieu's power and the wars of the Fronde—especially the latter part of it, the "*tems de la bonne Régence, tems où régnait une heureuse abondance*," commemorated with tender recollection by St. Evremont in his old age—was the period when France entered on a career which, continued, would have placed her in substance as well as in seeming at the head of European civilization. It was an age of bold and independent aspirations; of chivalry, refined by the polish of literature; of literature, as yet vivified in some degree by the unexpired genius of chivalry. Pedantry there might be, but it was almost of a graceful cast, before it had been touched and stiffened by the chilling breath of sarcasm; originality of demeanor, as well as opinion, was still tolerated, and added to the entertainment of the most polished circles. Jesuitism had not yet begun to recover its lost ground; thought was therefore freely interchanged on the highest subjects; and while there was a strong and earnest feeling of religion in the better class of society, it was unusually exempt from the miserable jealousies of fashionable orthodoxy. Corneille, Bossuet, Pascal, were all at home in companies like these, where the playful conversation of the hour alternated—(nor was the mixture thought affected or pedantic)—with disquisitions on ecclesiastical history, and arguments on the immortality of the soul.

We have no doubt advanced beyond the simplicity of those days. We have found out the ridiculous side of learning, seriousness, chivalry, enthusiasm of every kind; and ridicule is a quiet, irresistible master of the ceremonies, who noiselessly removes all such unsuitable guests from the conversational circle. But, after all, the philosophy of society, like other branches of practical philosophy, aims at something higher than is ever realized. That the ordinary converse of fashionable drawing-rooms might be made conducive to the high interests of man, and progress of his race; that the sexes might meet on equal terms in the field of grave discussion carried on side by side with gossip and raillery—these were the dreams of a youthful and adventurous age, like the art of flying and the universal language. We know better now; and amidst all the revivals of old fashions on which modern taste makes experiments; the least likely to be attempted is that of the Hotel Rambouillet.

We scarcely need observe, that our description applies only to a small and exclusive, though influential, section of the society of the seventeenth century at Paris. What was there a graceful freedom, degenerated elsewhere into the most eccentric license; and the evil times, unhappily, prevented the seed sown in the best of these reunions from coming to maturity. The last and most brilliant epoch of the Hotel Rambouillet, as Sainte Neuve remarks, was from the death of Richelieu to the Fronde, (1642–1648.) The anarchy of the Fronde was the legitimate successor of the freedom of the years immediately preceding. Ordinary history shows only the half romantic and half ludicrous in-

eidents of that period—the caprices of the lady leaders of armed parties, the valor of Condé, the genius of De Retz, and the real vanity and nothingness of the actors, one and all; except Turenne and Mazarin, who came forward turn by turn in the childish struggle. But the memoirs of the times, while chiefly occupied by these frivolous details, give nevertheless occasional glimpses of the misery and general demoralization produced by this and the long Spanish wars which immediately followed it. Not that Paris suffered. On the contrary, her society was more brilliant than ever. Not only was the great city the headquarters of the war during great part of the struggle of the princes, who commanded a much more brilliant following than the crown; but it became the refuge of all those who were driven from the provinces by the license of hostilities. It was crowded by the highest clergy—Louis XIV. found thirty bishops in Paris, at one of his earlier levees, a rare sight in a Catholic country—by the provincial noblesse, by all the classes who had anything left to spend. The hazards of war, the dangerous and painful realities of the day, had the effect so often witnessed in times of revolution—they stripped life of its romance. The more refined spirits gradually deserted Stoicism for Epicureanism, romance for farce;—always the prevailing taste in periods of civil war, when “let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” becomes a practical motto. This was the moment of Scarron and burlesque. The ruins of the Hotel Rambouillet were at an end. The marquis and marchioness were dead; the Princess Julie married to the Duc de Montausier, who was engaged in levying war for the crown, and only returned to Paris to become a suitor for court employment, like so many others ruined by the troubles. It was in the salons of the Countess de Suze, Mademoiselle Scudéry, and a few other ladies of fantastic wits, that the old Rambouillet fashions were maintained, exaggerated, and rendered ludicrous; and there, and not in the circle of Arthénice, Molière picked up the models for his play of the *Précieuses Ridicules*; which did not, as critics are in the habit of asserting, demolish a triumphant fashion by its “unpitiful irony.” Comic writers seldom or never perform such execution—their easier task is to catch and appropriate the ridicule of that which is just becoming ridiculous. The poor wits of the regency—their solemn humor—their long-drawn sentiments—were at a sad discount. Ménage and others wished to leave the country, and find out some region which might better answer to their conceptions of the *Pays du Tendre*, and similar pastoral kingdoms, on the other side of the Atlantic, just then rendered interesting by the discoveries of Champlain and LaSalle.

As for the morals of society, it is difficult to describe the pitch of extravagant license at which they now arrived. The contrast is startling between the apparent prudery of the salons of good society, and the reckless wildness which prevailed out of those guarded doors. Timandre, Cépante, and the other shepherd-heroes of the drawing-room, after passing the day in sighing sentiment, and capping verses with Clarice and Corisante, would adjourn to spend the night in orgies, to which the boldest of later days were tea-table recreations. There are sins congenial to high society at all times, and probably, with an equal amount of wealth and luxury, always pretty equally prevailing; but the peculiarity of the seventeenth century in France was, that the ordinary distinction between crime and gentlemanly vice was lost sight of. In the honest origin-

ality of the day, sins against one commandment were regarded as scarcely more discreditable, in a social point of view, than sins against another. In the early part of Louis XIII.'s reign, the fashionable frolic of the evening was to rob pedestrians in the dark streets of Paris of their cloaks. There is a well-known story in Rochefort's *Memoirs*, of the adroitness of Gaston Duke of Orleans in this exercise; and of the ill-luck of some of his comrades who attempted to hide themselves behind Henry IV.'s statue on the Pont Neuf. But what Gaston practised in the spirit of aristocratic sport, others perpetrated from more obvious motives. The Sieur Desternod avows, that in his poverty he frequently thought of this resource, but was deterred by fear of capture. Bussy Rabutin was robbed by two *filous de qualité*, by no means *pour rire*, but in good earnest. In the provinces, gentlemen were occasionally associated with bands of highway robbers. Tallemant des Réaux mentions a personage of this class, who used when in company to practise on four chairs the attitude he should assume when tied to the cross of St. Andrew for the purpose of being broken alive; which destiny ultimately befell him. The same writer speaks, without any symptoms of astonishment, of ladies as well as gentlemen who were known to derive part of their income from false coining! The “bloods” of Charles the Second's reign were timid, as well as gross and clumsy imitators of the men of fashion of the preceding generation at Paris; for Buckingham and Rochester tried to import, not the improved style which prevailed in France at the date of their experiment, but what they themselves remembered of the rough licentious days of their exile during the commonwealth; so that in this instance, as usual, England was picking up the cast-off rags of her neighbor's fashions.

The correspondence of Bussy Rabutin with Madame de Sévigné, furnishes a singular instance of the juxtaposition of extremes, common in that age, and the mutual toleration which vice and virtue, dissipation and pedantry, seem to have exercised towards each other. Bussy must have been esteemed a scoundrel, according to the rules of almost any conceivable society. He had outraged a helpless woman by a forcible abduction. It is true he had been deceived as to her inclinations, but this was because he was betrayed by her confessor, whom he had bribed. He was notorious, not so much for his triumphs over his fair acquaintances, as for his propensity for ruining their reputation, and exposing them to the world. “He loved no one,” says St. Evremond, “and never won the affections of any one.” He seems to have been shunned for his questionable dealings in transactions of honor, among men, almost as much as he was admired for his brilliancy, in female circles. He had published an infamous libel, in which he recounted the scandalous histories of most of the women of his acquaintance. He had laid siege to the honor of his cousin Madame de Sévigné for many years. Disappointed in his pursuit, he had slandered her grossly among the rest; yet the princess of letter-writers not only forgives all his sins against herself and mankind, but continues through all her volumes her sentimental correspondence with this contemptible reprobate. Platonism, philosophy, literature, and scandal, are all discussed with perfect good-humor. She enters into all his projects; witness her sympathy with him through one of his lawsuits, which was neither more nor less than a disgraceful attempt to corrupt justice and oppress

an innocent party. Much may be allowed for the passion of clanship, which bound the fair prude to the head of all the Rabutins; it has been suggested also, that fear was at the bottom of her forbearance; but, after all, the connexion hardly says much, we will not say for the reality, but for the profoundness of her moral and religious feelings.

Every one will remember Charles Lamb's ingenious, and not altogether sophistical defence of the characters in the English "middle comedy" of Congreve and his successors, namely, that no reader takes them, and the fictitious world in which they are placed, for realities; that they move in an atmosphere of their own, to which we feel the recognized morality of the every-day world to be inappropriate. It is with almost the same feeling that one approaches the *Memoirs of the Fronde* and the *Regency of Anne*;—the records of the men and women who were the real prototypes of those English prodigates from whom Congreve's characters were taken. It is difficult to realize, and still more to describe, the impressions produced by a world in which all seems, at first sight, to have been show and representation. Every man lived, literally, not for himself, but for and in the world. Conventional habits depressed and threw into the background substantial interests and passions, and brought forward into exaggerated relief the most unsubstantial frivolities; and the result is, that in the records of those times there seems to be almost as much reality in the last as in the first. The strongest feelings, the profoundest calculations, use the same language, wear the same dress, with the fantastic impulses of fashion. Mortal hate demeans itself just like wounded punctilio; the passion of a life like the gallantry of an hour; the struggle for political supremacy like the rivalry of a game at billiards. Men and women put on their shepherd's hats, and talk couplets or sonnets to each other, with quite as much solemnity as they use in discussing their most important interests. Nay, to speak of more serious matters, ladies and gentlemen set about "making their salvation," as if they projected a party to the baths of Bourbon. All seems a pageant; the people masqueraders; or rather, masques with no faces under them; or as if France had been peopled with creatures resembling the Sylphs and Undines who then came into fashion—brilliant and beautiful, with all the outward attributes of humanity, but unprovided with souls.

Paris, at this time, it must be remembered, though the greatest city of Europe, yet resembled in many respects what, in the nineteenth century, we should term a large provincial town. Hemmed within its old walls, with their grotesque coronet of windmills, and swelled by all the political causes which at this period drove within its gates the inhabitants of the provinces, the population was numerous beyond all reasonable proportion to the narrow compass in which it was contained; for if some spaces, then encumbered with narrow streets, have since been cleared, as in the neighborhood of the Louvre, other and much larger spots within the circuit of the Boulevards, now built on, were then the demesnes of convents and palaces. Three great convents—those of the Assumption, the Feuillans, and the Capucins—occupied the site of the modern Rue Rivoli, and streets which branch from it. That of Mazarin's palace was so extensive, that on one half of it (bought by Louis XIV., and given to the East India Company) the Rue Vivienne and Place de la Bourse are situate. Its sanitary condition was as bad as possible; worse, probably, than in the

middle ages; owing to the greater accumulation of people, and increased height of the houses.* Even the ordinary habit of leaving the city in the summer, was interrupted for thirty or forty years in the middle of the seventeenth century; at first, from the general insecurity of the country; afterwards, through habit, and because, in Louis XIV.'s earlier wars, while a portion of good society was absent on the frontier, those who stayed at home preferred remaining in Paris, for the sake of obtaining intelligence. Packed closely together in this steaming atmosphere, the higher classes lived and moved in a perpetual fever of society. The fashion of *alcoves* and *ruelles* dates from the beginning of this period. The alcove, as is well known to those who are familiar with old-fashioned domestic architecture, was the space, generally dome-shaped or vaulted and highly decorated, (the word is Arabic, and signifies a vault,) at the end of the bed-chamber, forming a kind of second room enclosed in a larger one. Here the bed of the lady was placed, on its *estrade*, or elevated dais, on which, as a throne, she received her morning visitors. The *ruelles*, or alleys were the narrow lanes left between the estrade and the walls, in which the crowd of visitors assembled;—filled from early day to afternoon, in illustrious houses, with a succession of gay cavaliers, prim men of letters, and soft ecclesiastics. Retirement and privacy were neither known nor appreciated as luxuries. There are some curious remarks in Saint Simon on the results of the invention of bells in houses;—a new thing when he wrote, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The want of them in earlier times rendered it almost necessary for a lady to have assistance at hand; common people had their servants within call, whence arose the familiar and pleasant domesticities of Molière; those of higher rank were waited on by ladies of birth and education, who were not thought to demean themselves by performing these indispensable offices. Bells had a great share in reducing us to that seclusion—pleasant, but unsocial—in which we now live. The chief promenade of the afternoon was the Cours la Reine, on the south side of the Tuileries gardens, from which the mechanical public was excluded. Here Marie de Medicis paraded in her globe-shaped *Coche*; and Bassompierre exhibited the first carriage with glass windows. When "the great Mademoiselle" was asked what she had regretted most during her political banishment from Paris, she answered—the masquerades, the fair of St. Germain, (a kind of fashionable bazaar, which was held in February every year,) and the Cours. But Paris, though rich in convent and palace gardens, was at this time very ill provided with spaces for public recreation. In the hot weather, it was no uncommon fashion for gay society to assemble in the Seine, like the company at old-fashioned baths. Evelyn (1651) was startled by the apparition of a bevy of ladies thus publicly bathing, at Conflans, attended by their cavaliers. Then followed the theatre; the new amusement of the age, and enjoyed with all the zest which novelty lent as yet to the noblest of public diversions—a diversion which not only amused the senses, but opened a new world to the heart and intellect, and which promised greater things than in the subsequent course of events it has performed.

* About the year 1660, a medical observer remarked, that his brass door-handles, in rooms looking on the street, became covered with verdigris every morning; which continued until some attempts were made at drainage in the quarter.

Now that the dramatic art is everywhere on the decline—its national existence, it should seem from all history, being necessarily brief—it is difficult to realize the importance which it once possessed, or the essential benefits which, be it said, in spite of all purists, it once rendered to society; and nowhere was this so much felt as in Paris. Much might be said of the effect of the drama as not only an accompaniment, but a cause of increasing refinement in manners; but as to its immediate influence on order and decency, it is sufficient to refer to a saying of M. de Sartines, the minister of police of a later period, that during the three weeks when the theatres were not open, he found it necessary to double the watch. Last came the night, with its train of endless gayety and extravagance. The fêtes of Mazarin and his contemporaries equalled any similar displays of later days in luxury, while they were unrivalled in wild and grotesque license; the whole soul of society was poured out in the extravagant orgies of the masquerade; while ladies were parading, by day, at the head of armed brigades, female costume was a fashionable evening disguise for gentlemen. Gaston Duke of Orleans, was celebrated for the grace with which he wore it; and among the strange adventures of the Abbé de Choisy, afterwards a zealous dignitary of the church, who chose for several years to assume that dress in general society, it is perhaps the strangest, that he used to attend, in woman's attire, at the church of St. Médard, and present the *pain bénit* to his acquaintances. This fantastic irregularity was finally put a stop to, like so many others, by Louis XIV., as his notions of decorum advanced—when, after many years' solemn devotion to the mysteries of the ballet—after enacting Benserade's gods and demigods, heroes and knights, shepherds and savages, until flattery was fairly exhausted, and could scarcely spin out a couplet more in his honor—the great monarch became slowly alive to the idea that he was laughed at, and abolished the fashion forever.

But the aspect of ordinary life was scarcely less diversified. Every evening reunited the customary society of ladies' apartments for conversation, varying from the most transcendent pedantry to the lowest merriment, buffoonery, and *jeux de société*, until Mazarin brought in cards, which rapidly swallowed up all minor follies. Dancing was the order of the evening, when "les vingt-quatre violons," the fiddlers of the royal establishment, the Strauss or Jullien band of their epoch, were to be procured; and a busy life they must have had of it; few grandees, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, kept their own "violons." And what dancing! The art lost half its spirit and attraction, when the graceful fashion of the seventeenth century—that of the lady choosing her partner—came to an end. But not only its spirit, but its high importance and dignity, were as yet unabated. We are misled by our own modern notions, when we marvel at Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor; or at Elizabeth, for being smitten with his attractive movements; or at the venerable fashions of our Inns of Court, when 'the ancient reader, the music being begun, called to him the master of the revels; and at the second call, the ancient, with his white staff, advanced forward, and began to lead the measures, followed first by the barristers, and then the gentlemen under the bar, all according to their several antiquities:—a practice, possibly, absurd, but each age has its absurdities; and modern benchers hav-

ing abolished the dancing qualifications, appear to have announced that their office requires no qualification at all. In those days, however, all the world danced, from the King to the Savoyard with his monkey. We have seen Richelieu's performance with the castanets; but conceive the great and grave Sully indulging in similar exhibitions! Yet, if we may believe Tallemant des Réaux, the custom of his household was, that "every evening until the death of Henry IV., a certain La Roche, valet-de-chambre to the king, used to play on his lute the dances of the time; and M. de Sully danced by himself, with an extravagant kind of cap on his head, which he generally wore in his cabinet. The spectators were Duret, afterwards Président de Chevry, and La Claville, afterwards Seigneur de Chavigny; who, with some women of indifferent reputation, were in the habit of buffooning every day with him." Does not a graver even than Sully—the great Jansenist Abbé Arnauld—recount, with some embarrassment, how he was forced to dance at the court of Modena? "It is true," says he, putting the best face on the circumstance, "that, properly speaking, we did not dance, but only walked in cadence, without even taking off our cloaks."

The extremely close quarters into which the fashionable circles were packed, gave, as we have said, a certain air which we should now call provincial even to this, the finest society of Europe. There were the same sets, jealousies, caprices, cabals, which are found in provincial assemblages; the same want of a recognized centre, such as a court affords; until Louis XIV. had reorganized that head of the body of fashion. Newspapers were scarcely known; Loret's odd rhyming "Gazettes of the elegant world" were indeed a kind of versified *Morning Post*, as minute in their descriptions, but less fresh in intelligence; but their places, as far as scandal and gossip were concerned, seem to have been more amply supplied by the extraordinary custom of the "couplets" or "noels," which circulated from drawing-room to drawing-room. Not an adventure or misadventure could be reported or suspected, of a lady fair or cavalier of honor, but it was immediately tagged into verse, and found its way in this shape first into the hands of the gossips, then into those of the street musicians. Many of these innumerable epigrams have wit and smartness; many more an astonishing effrontery. But no kind of personality was forbidden in an age in which no one dreamt of privacy. Bussy's fancy for hanging the walls of his chateau with the portraits of living beauties, with biographical sketches and his own satirical comments by way of inscriptions, was so far from exciting any indignation, that many ladies gave him their own portraits, in the hopes of obtaining a flattering notice. In Boileau's satires, as they at first came out, living individuals, even those accused of gross offences, were attacked by name—a license which was abandoned in his later editions, under a severer government and stricter manners. People were born in public—married in public, the bride received all the world in her alcove the day after the wedding—and died in public. Death was but the last scene of the drama, to be performed with a theatrical bow and exit. The young beauty, perishing of dissipation, made her adieux to the world in appropriate costume and sentiments. The worn-out statesman might not turn his face to the wall in peace, but was surrounded by a whole court in full

dress, and talked on until his husky accents could no longer convey the last of his smart sayings to the listeners.*

Yet this wild world or chaos was far from unfavorable to the development, not only of individual energy, but of individual virtue. Port-Royal flourished not only contemporaneously, but to a certain extent in connexion with the Place Royale. Society, though far from realizing the promise of the earlier part of the century, was still free, and its atmosphere animating. There was room for action, and an exciting air to breathe. All was soon to close, and a new act of the drama to commence. At the conclusion of the Fronde, all parties threw themselves at the feet of the young Louis XIV., like a set of dancers tired out with their own mad exertions. The task of the new king was half accomplished for him when he began to reign; but he carried it into thorough execution, with all the energy of that steady resolve, hard heart, and admirable digestion, which almost made a great man of a very ordinary one. He had to restore this agitated world to order, and give to these diffused powers a uniform and regulated action. All this he performed; but he could not alter the unbending law of nature, which forbids individual greatness to arise without freedom. Nearly all the truly great names of the great reign are those of men whose education had been completed, and their intellectual majority attained, in the prior period of anarchy. The second crop—that of Louis' own contemporaries—was far inferior: the third, feeble and effete. A new period of social license was necessary to invigorate anew the national genius.

Of this long reign, the first years only were brilliant. While the Spanish war lasted, Paris, as we have seen, held continual festival. But after the peace of the Pyrenees, and the death of Mazarin, (1660,) the king and court began to remove from Paris, first to Fontainebleau, afterwards to St. Germain's, and ultimately settled down in the stateliness of Versailles. This great change in the habits of the higher classes was very injurious to the metropolis, considered as a centre of society. The *Marais*, or neighborhood of the Place Royale, continued long to be the fashionable quarter. The quays of the left bank, whose architectural embellishment dates chiefly from this reign, became popular as promenades: the world of fashion, for a few years, used to parade up and down the broiling pavement of the Quais des Theatins and Malaquais. Here Molière lived, (Quai Conti;) and here, for a short time, his troop was established. But the eastern end of the Faubourg Saint Germain was ultimately selected, in 1687, after many delays, as the head-quarters of the *Comédie Française*, driven from the Palais Royal by Lully's opera company, the newest and most successful speculation of the day; for Lully, after fourteen years' directorship, died worth 630,000 livres in gold—a fact almost incredible, and solitary in the annals of manager-ship. Racine has detailed the difficulty which the poor comedians found in lodging themselves, from the opposition of scrupulous curates and purse-proud citizens. A troop of robbers could scarcely have been chased from site to site with greater pertinacity than these, the most active promoters of

French, and therefore European civilization. At length they were planted in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; where Procopio the Sicilian established his *café*, the grandfather of all *cafés*—and the ancient rendez-vous of the literary and theatrical world; which still exists—furnishing coffee and dominos to a few students—to testify of the site of the most flourishing and famous of all European theatres; for, taking all things together, the drama has never, in modern times, risen to such importance as within those walls. The theatre was closed in 1770, and is said to be now a restaurant. Marat's last lodging was close by: he had been driven from den to den, almost as assiduously as the poor actors.

It was not until the reign of Louis XV. that the Faubourg Saint Germain became the aristocratic quarter—a glory which may now be said to have nearly abandoned those monotonous walls, to irradiate, for the present, the gayer roofs of the Faubourg Saint Honoré.

In the absence of the court from Paris, the bourgeoisie and the professions rose out of comparative insignificance, thus preparing the revolution from afar; and, first and foremost, the profession of the law. The melancholy quarter of the Isle Saint Louis, which arose out of a building speculation of the seventeenth century, was for a time a favorite resort of second-rate fashion, and legal fashion in particular. It had been a rural *pleasure* belonging to the Chapter of Notre-Dame. In its gardens the last crusade was preached by the Cardinal Legate Nicholas, in 1313, when Philippe de Valois, Edward II. of England, and many lords, both French and English, took the cross—an empty parade, for the spirit of Saint Louis became extinct in the generation which succeeded him. The same gardens were the scene of the famous single combat between the dog of Montargis and the murderer. In 1614, the construction of the quarter was begun; but the litigious propensities of the chapter ruined three successive sets of adventurers before it was completed. When it rose—smart, white, and uniform—from the muddy waters of the Seine, it attracted at once a portion of the richer classes of the metropolis; for the fear of malaria had not yet begun to remove the habitations of the wealthy from the river borders—those favorite haunts of earlier times. But it became especially the headquarters of legal families, by reason of its neighborhood to the Palais de Justice. The Hotel Bretonvilliers, planted on the eastern extremity of the isle, where the Seine first divides on entering Paris, is termed by Tallemant des Réaux, in an ecstasy of cockney admiration, “the most finely situated building in the world, after the seraglio!” The Hotel Lambert, built for a president of that name, dreary and begrimed as its exterior now appears, contains within, a perfect treasury of curiosities for those fond of the details of social life long since departed. Under a succession of rich and fashionable owners, it received nearly all the literature and art of Paris for a century, down to Voltaire and his marchioness. There is a world of Parisian art half choked in its venerable dust—ceilings by Lebrun and Lesueur, (though his finest paintings have been removed;) architectural details by Leveau, sculptures of François Perier—but all is decayed, and with difficulty preserved from imminent collapse. It stands a vast ruin in a decayed quarter. Dyers and printers seem now the most numerous occupants of the Isle St. Louis; and it wears the singular aspect of a French provincial town of the dullest class, inserted,

* See the well-known print of Mazarin's death-bed, surrounded by ladies at cards. According to Grimm, the *Maréchale de Luxembourg* and two of her friends, played at loto by that of Madame du Deffand till she expired. But at that time the proceeding was at least thought singular.

as it were, bodily into the centre of the turbulent metropolis.

The Orleans regency saw the birth of the Quarter de la Chaussée d'Antin; of which the four or five well-known streets have more abundant and more various history to record, than any similar spot in Europe of the same age. Before 1720, a marshy, uneven, ill kept up cross-road, conducted from the Boulevards to the scattered fields of Clichy and Les Porcherons, on the north west of Paris. It was the popular line of communication with suburbs singularly rich in *guinguettes*, rural taverns, and a variety of retreats abundantly frequented by the fashionable youth of that moral epoch. *On y allait gris, on en revenait ivre*. On Sundays, half the idle population of Paris turned out in the same direction. The fields were especially thronged with parties of the military and their female companions. If there was a marked absence at the evening muster, of the Dragons de la Reine or the Gardes-Suisses, it was only necessary to march a *patrole* across the common-fields of the Porcherons, and soldiers were gathered in abundance. But, on week-days, more fashionable visitors were supposed to throng the dirty lane from the Porte Gailion to the same village. Many a squalid hackney-coach was suspected of conveying a load of rank and beauty to some mysterious rendezvous. Many times aristocratic rapiers were crossed against the blades of plebeian intruders in out-of-the-way corners; for, "tous les vilains," as St. Simon condescendingly observes, "n'ont pas toujours peur." Where the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin now crosses the Rue de Provence stood, in those days, a rickety bridge across the sewer or Ruisseau de Ménilmontant: it was called the Pont d'Arcans. Here it was that the Comte de Fiesque (*le petit bon* of Madame de Sévigné) encountered M. de Tallard, each having a fair friend in his company; but Madame de Lionne and Mademoiselle d'Arquien threw themselves between the combatants like the Sabines of old, and they parted, each exchanging a cursory embrace with the lady who did not belong to him.

In 1720 the municipality was authorized to open a new street along this popular line of road; and the ground on each side was rapidly occupied by suburban hermitages, succeeded in their turn by gay hotels. It has had a greater succession of names than any other in fickle Paris. It was first Rue de la Chaussée Gaillon; then De l'Hotel Dieu, (from passing over some ground belonging to that foundation;) then De la Chaussée d'Antin. This name it derived from the Hotel d'Antin, the celebrated residence of the well-known voluptuary, the Duke de Richelieu; which stood, and still stands, we believe, near the southern side of the Boulevard, facing the entrance of the street;—commonly called Pavillon de Hanovre, because of the funds for its construction were said to have been mainly drawn from the pockets of the people of Hanover during the duke's military occupation of the electorate. Under this name the street rose and throve; at first as a street of a certain fashion, though of a rather equivocal description; from which position it grew by degrees into the choice seat of commercial opulence and lettered dignity; and ultimately into the headquarters of the transitory aristocracy of the empire. Here was the hotel of Madame Montesson, who attained the honor of marrying a prince of the blood. Here lived Madame Recamier. It was in the same street that the fair Guimard raised herself an enchanted

palace, with the money of her sultan-like adorer the Prince de Soubise. But *le squelette des graces* was better skilled in ruining princes than enriching herself. She sold her hotel by lottery. It was won by the Countess Dulau, who sold it to Perregaux the banker for 500,000 francs. Here Perregaux' daughter was married to Marmont; and Perregaux' clerk, Jacques Laffitte, laid the foundation of the fortune which furnished the sinews of war in those memorable days which ruined both Marmont and himself. The glory of the hotel is departed; the bank subsists, but the residence is gone; and we rather think that an apothecary's shop occupies the front of the temple of the hooped and powdered Terpsichore.

In 1791 the street took the name of Mirabeau, who lodged in it, at No. 42. It was from hence that one hundred thousand mourners escorted the corpse of the mighty demagogue to St. Geneviève. In 1793, the memory of Mirabeau was already proscribed; his ashes were banished from the Pantheon; and the street took the name of Mont Blanc, the republic having recently taken the trouble of annexing Savoy to its dominions. It was under this name that it shared so largely in the glories of the empire. Madame Tallien, (afterwards more uneasily lodged as Princess de Chimay, among the dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain,) Madame Recamier, Cardinal Fesch, and others, shed a brief lustre on its annals. Next to Fesch lived Ney, and afterwards Caulaincourt; and next again Sebastiani. But 1815 came, and swept away the name of Mont Blanc, and the fortunes and glories of the age of Napoleon. The street resumed its anti-revolutionary title. It struggled with decaying prosperity against the tide of fashion, which gradually drifted the moneyed aristocracy into more distant quarters: and, unlike its sister streets of the neighborhood, 1830 brought it no relief, either in change of name or change of circumstances. Vulgar commerce has invaded it—upstart omnibusses have replaced the equipages of old times—it is become already a modern antique;—the deserted metropolis of M. Scribe, which still seems to the imagination peopled with wealthy financiers, their sentimental ladies and interesting secretaries, magnanimous colonels of the empire, rich uncles in *ailes de pigeon*, and cravats of the fashion of the directory, and all the other *dramatis personæ* of that amusing Vaudeville-world which was the delight of our youth.

The streets immediately adjoining, partake of the same character; the whole quarter is full of memorials of the very quintessence of recent history. Other districts have monopolized more of aristocratic dignity and dulness: the very life of the world has pulsed in these narrow avenues. Where the street just described abuts to the north on the Rue St. Lazare, stood a well-known tavern, famous in the bacchanalian stanzas of Vadé, and his brother poets, under the name of the cabaret Ramponneau;—celebrated, also, for the visits paid it occasionally by personages scarcely to be expected in a cabaret; where, as some strange rumors say, Madame de Genlis herself, more than once, in frolicsome disguise, shared in the revelry of lackeys and Gardes Suisses. Close by, enveloped in its discreet shrubbery, stood the Pavillon de Fronsac, another residence of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu, whose name is almost as intimately connected with the history of modern Paris as that of the cardinal. This pavilion became, under the consulate, the retreat of the beautiful Creole, Madame Hamelin—

the queen of fashion for a short season; and who may be said to have had the honor of coöperating with Napoleon in reducing the wild exuberance of the republic to decency and order. Under her soft influence, the orgies of Madame Tallien and her contemporaries, gave place to the rather stiffly brilliant style of the Napoleonic era. In her reign the contre-danse returned, and the epoch of the waltz began. Although satirists were not wanting—although some coarse rivals insinuated that the fair West Indian disseminated *des miasmes de négresse*, and others would compare her features to those of Rustan, the emperor's Mameluke—yet her triumph was complete: contractors and marshals—the demi-gods of the day—Ouvrard, Perregaux, Montholon, Moreau, sighed at her feet; and rumor, for a moment, whispered unutterable things of Cæsar himself: it then died away, and, with its decay, soon ended Madame Hamelin's ephemeral reign. Her pavilion is still preserved by its owner, the Duchess of Vicenza, amidst the general demolition which has taken place of the suburban habitations of this quarter; most of which were erected either by ladies of the opera or financiers. "Tivoli," once so well known to idlers in Paris, situated close to the northern end of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, was originally the garden of one of these favorites of fortune, the farmer-general La Bouxière, who spent enormous sums on its construction.

The Rue Laffitte, hard by, was originally christened Rue d'Artois in 1770; in honor of the ill-fated prince whom, after sixty agitated years, Laffitte was to drive from the throne. While the street was still fresh in the glory of its white unmeaning façades, one Cérutti, a Piedmontese, took a lodging in an entresol. He had been a Jesuit; had written in defence of the Jesuits, and made noise enough in their cause to get his book condemned to the flames by the Parliament of Paris. But times were altered: disappointments in love and politics had turned the ex-Jesuit into a democrat; and Cérutti soon set up a revolutionary journal—*La Feuille Villageoise*. Mirabeau and Talleyrand were his chief contributors. The journal succeeded; Cérutti pronounced Mirabeau's funeral oration; and these services to the nation secured for him the most evanescent of French honors. The name of Cérutti was substituted for d'Artois. At the end of the street rose the magnificent Hotel Thélusson—a residence of the Genevese banker, the patron of Necker; whose fortune and less ambitious popularity survived those of his more celebrated junior partner. This was such a palace as might have been built out of Sèvres china, to be inhabited by shepherds and lap-dogs, à la Louis XV. In the short interval of wild bacchanalian excitement which followed the downfall of Robespierre—when the violently-repressed habits of a licentious age and people burst furiously forth—it became the headquarters of the luxury of the day. The Hotel d'Augny, in the same neighborhood, (afterwards the residence of M. Aguado,) had been the scene of the first *Bals à la Victime*. But the *Bals Thélusson* surpassed even the *noctes Neronis jan medias*,—the Luxembourg festivals of Barras. Here was the rendezvous of the *Incroyables* and *Merveilleuses*. While Madame Tallien, the Princess of the Luxembourg, affected the Roman style and costume,—descending even to the stockingless simplicity of classical times, the rival salon of Madame Thélusson was peopled by *Athéniennes*, equally undressed, and less ornamented. But all the wit and talent of the day frequented it, with one remarkable exception—

Madame de Staël did not appear there: pride, on one side or the other, banished the daughter of the junior partner from the drawing-room of the widow of his quondam associate.

Here it was that Bonaparte first dreamed of fashionable life. The young, unpolished, but all-observing provincial lieutenant, living in his quiet lodgings of the Rue du Mail, after the *Comité de Salut Public* had turned him out of active employment, upon his refusal to serve in La Vendée, met Madame Beauharnais in this society, on which we may imagine him to have looked with a kind of envious admiration. However this may be, he and his family evinced a marked partiality for the Chaussée d'Antin. After his conquest of the sections, he removed to a charming little house hard by, in the Rue Chantereine—now, in his honor, Rue de la Victoire—where he lived until the hour arrived for his occupying the palaces of the Bourbons. Murat took the Hotel Thélusson. Not long after he left it, it fell into the hands of a spirit congenial with his own—an army tailor. M. Berchut had made a fortune by selling uniforms, in days when their first owners seldom had the good luck to wear them out. He invested it in building speculations. He demolished the celebrated hotel, with its arcades, gardens, artificial rocks, and all the recollections that belonged to the spot—and the street became dull and uniform as any of its white, flat-faced neighbors. But its political destinies were not accomplished. Here lived Jacques Laffitte. Hither, on the 29th July, 1830, when the battle was well-nigh decided, flocked the courtiers of his provisional majesty, the populace, who seemed on the eve of a definite reinstatement in his anarchical rights. The sordid intriguer, the waiter on Providence, the timid capitalist who sought protection rather than promotion, crowded these approaches, now so solitary, with eager advice and covert solicitations. It was a trembling and undignified assemblage; for the result of affairs out of doors yet hung in the balance; the fear of being too late was in ludicrous conflict with that of being too early; at any moment, a few files of infantry might direct their steps towards the Rue d'Artois, become the focus of insurrection—and then the game was up. It is due to the worthy banker to say, that he stood firm, as became the representative of the great moneyed interest, in this its crowning struggle against feudality. M. Louis Blanc assures us, that on one occasion the sound of musketry in the neighborhood actually cleared the hotel of all its visitors; it proved to be only the discharge in the air of a regiment fraternizing with the mob; but Laffitte remained at his post, and profited by the interval to get his sore leg dressed. One by one the guests returned, and complete triumph was announced by an unerring prognostic—the arrival of Talleyrand. Did it occur to the veteran to remember the meetings at his friend Cérutti's, and the *Feuille Villageoise*, and the concoction, forty years before, of the first act of the drama still in course of performance?

Laffitte was ruined by this revolution, as is well known. His hotel was repurchased for him by subscription; and an inscription on the front long recorded the fact to passers-by. It has now been removed into the court-yard. Surely it was not a thing to be ashamed of. The genius of finance, however, has not quite abandoned its favorite quarter. M. Rothschild still lives in the "Rue Laffitte;" and now and then illumines the quarter with a splendor of hospitality which reduces the Christendom of Paris to envy and despair.

As for the Rue Chantierine, or de la Victoire, its fates have been even more strangely checkered than those of its neighbors. Its early days formed a fit prelude to its coming history; for it was scarcely built when the two heroes of modern quackery, Cagliostro and Mesmer, did it the honor of making it the scene of their oracles—precursors of performers on a larger scale. For here Napoleon married Josephine, and became through her the owner of the pretty hotel, No. 6, which she had bought of Talma the actor: it had been built for the unfortunate Condorcet. Alas! the trumpet of fame has long been silenced in the street of victory, and its dreams of departed glory are only broken by the profane sound of Messrs. Herz's pianofortes, which jangle perpetual discord, from one of its finest hotels of financial renown. But hard by, in the Place St. George, dwells the last political illustrator of the quarter. Where could M. Thiers be lodged better—in those leisure intervals of his life which are so usefully spent when excluded from the *Hotel des Affaires Etrangères*—than here, amid the manes of the empire, like Gibbon, breathing the inspiration of his subject in the ruined circle of the Coliseum?

Yet we must not leave this once celebrated quarter without noticing the frail link which still connects it with the living world of 1846. The streets and modern church of Notre Dame de Lorette, are worth a great deal more to the modern Parisian, than all the remembrances which cling round the thresholds of Napoleon and his marshals. Here, at the extremity of the Rue Laffitte, close to the noise and vulgarity of the Faubourg Montmartre, and under the immediate presidency of M. Thiers, rises a new and neat little district, peopled by all the anomalous world which pertains to the opera and the public exhibitions; and by that seductive and interesting class of the population to whom M. Nestor Roqueplan first gave the name of *Lorettes*. In this coquettish little Church of Notre Dame, gilt like the back of a book, with its soft carpets and sweet perfumes, the theatrical Parisian may admire the velvet *Prie-Dieus* of the Elslers, the Dumilâtres, and other attractions. La Guinard and La Duthé, the ancient divinities of the district, have been replaced by goddesses no less ethereal.

But we are trespassing far beyond the bounds of our sober antiquarianism. We have been dreaming of old Paris, in the middle of a world too active and awake to suit with the temper of such reveries. The endeavor to fix the attention on the past has even something painful, and out of place, in full view of a present so busy and changeable as ours. Centuries of stationary ease, or slow advance, seem those in which the spirit of man most fitly addresses itself to look backward, and to indulge in historical inquiry. Now, when we are plainly commencing an era of changes in the fortunes of our race, the speculator who turns round to contemplate the past vicissitudes of things, seems almost like the man who should busy himself in meditating and recounting the dreams of the night, at his entrance on a day of active and brilliant exertion. New Paris, the centre of a great kingdom, with its lines of railway connexion, will outgrow the limits of the city of our day, ten times more rapidly than the existing city has swelled beyond the old boundary of the Romans in their palisaded island. The dense centre will be cleared out; whole quarters of the city of Philip le Bel will be swept away, to make elbow-room for the new generation; while the displaced mass is spread far and wide over the plains, which seem to invite its dispersion. The fortifications of

1841, constructed on the principle of "keeping the outer enceinte at a distance from the city, properly so called," will become Boulevards in their turn; and the fashion of some future age will make its promenades of those specimens of the wisdom of the first Orleans reign. All this seems to stand plainly written in the earliest half-open pages of the book of the future; but how much uncertainty, in the mean time, involves the moral and intellectual prospects of the great people whose coming generations are to profit by this vast extension of civilization!

EUGENE ARAM.—We have had a curious printed paper placed in our hands for inspection, being no other than the half-penny sheet hawked about the streets on the execution of the notorious Eugene Aram. It is entitled, "The last dying words and confession of Eugene Aram, who was executed at Tyburn, near York, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1759, for the murder of Daniel Clark, of Knareborough, about the 7th of February, 1744." Beneath this heading is an impression from an old and well-worn woodcut engraving, curious as representing the mode of hanging at that time. The gallows has only one upright in this form *Γ*, and there does not appear to be any scaffold. Beneath this woodcut is the brief notice of the murderer's biography—"Eugene Aram, aged 48, was born at Ripon, the son of Peter Aram, who wrote the excellent poem on Studley Park." The "last dying words" bear internal evidence of their being fabricated for the purpose of being hawked about the streets. As this document is believed to be unique, we insert a literal copy of the speech and confession put into the mouth of the wretched man:—"My Father, who had some loose Thoughts of the Power of Almighty God, which he continued too long, hurt my tender and young Principles in Religion; I thank God I am thoroughly convinced of his Error, and am in Hopes through the Mediation of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ to be saved. I confess the Justness of my Sentence, but was not apprehensive my Accomplish would have dealt so perfidiously with me, for I cannot help taking Notice to the World (as it does expect I should say something) that he was forsworn upon my Tryal, as I have solemnly declared to a reverend Divine; he also was more active in conveying poor Clark away, than myself, likewise in burning his Cloaths, and attempting to persuade me to murder my poor injured wife. I hope the Lord will pardon me for the Wrong I have done my Wife, whose honest Counsel I always disdain'd, depending on my own, as I thought, superior Judgment, which I find, but now too late, hath brought me to this untimely End. I desire Forgiveness of all the World, particularly, my poor, dear, and injured Wife, and of all others whom I have injured in the Course of my wicked Life, begging their Prayers for my poor departing Soul, and that my Accomplish may take Warning by this my woeful End; for tho' they are clear'd by Man, they know, before God, they are guilty as myself, I do heartily desire they would make Restitution to all those whom we have injured, which is the last Words and sincere Wishes of the unfortunate Eugene Aram."—*Manchester Guardian*.

NATURAL COMPASS.—It is a well known fact that in the vast prairies of the Texas a little plant is always to be found which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance—certain that it will not mislead him.—*Church and State Gaz.*

From *Sharpe's Magazine*.

HELEN WALKER.

It is to be regretted that no fuller account has been preserved of the act of high-minded, persevering courage by which Helen Walker, a simple Scotch maiden, saved her sister from a shameful and unmerited death; voluntarily encountering untold difficulties and dangers rather than speak the one word of untruth, by which she might so easily have gained the same end.

An outline, all that could then be learnt of her adventures, came many years after to the knowledge of a lady, who had the penetration at once to perceive how well fitted was such a history for the powers of the greatest novelist of this or any age. She wrote to the author of *Waverley*, at first anonymously, recounting the story, and the circumstance through which she had learnt it. Subsequently her name was made known to him as Mrs. Goldie, of Craignure, near Dumfries.* He entered as warmly as she expected into the beauty and the merits of her history, and, not long after, the world was at once benefited and delighted by perhaps the most interesting of his romances, "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*," of which this incident forms the groundwork. Helen Walker herself suggested the beautiful character of Jeanie Deans.

Subsequent inquiries have added little that can be depended on to the original account; but we have gratefully to acknowledge the kind and willing exertions of a lady, whose near connexion with Mrs. Goldie best qualifies her for the task, to furnish us with any fresh circumstances which time might have brought to light, correcting, at the same, the misstatements which others have fallen into from the wish to amplify and enlarge on insufficient data.

Helen Walker was the daughter of a small farmer of Dalwhairn, in the parish of Irongray, in the county of Dumfries, where, after the death of her father, she continued to reside, supporting her widowed mother by her own unremitting labor and privations. On the death of her remaining parent she was left with the charge of her sister Isabella, much younger than herself, and whom she educated and maintained by her own exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, it is not easy to conceive her feelings when she found this sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and that she herself was called upon to give evidence against her. In this moment of shame and anguish she was told by the counsel for the prisoner, that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen's answer was: "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, whatever may be the consequence; I will give my oath according to my conscience."

The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty and condemned. In removing her from the bar she was heard to say to her sister: "O Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death;" when Helen replied—"Ye ken I bute speak the truth." In Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and of this precious interval Helen knew how to avail herself. Whether her scheme had been long and carefully

considered, or was the inspiration of a bold and vigorous mind in the moment of its greatest anguish at her sister's reproach, we cannot tell; but the very day of the condemnation she found strength for exertion and for thought. Her first step was to get a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of her sister's case; she then borrowed a sum of money necessary for her expenses; and that same night set out on her journey, barefooted and alone, and in due time reached London in safety, having performed the whole distance from Dumfries on foot. Arrived in London, she made her way at once to John, Duke of Argyle. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, wrapped in her tartan plaid, and carrying her petition in her hand, she succeeded in gaining an audience, and presented herself before him. She was heard afterwards to say, that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the duke at a most critical moment, which, if lost, would have taken away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot just in time to save her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, thus saved from the fate which impended over her, was eventually married by Waugh, the man who had wronged her, and lived happily for great part of a century, in or near Whitehaven, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation. It may have been previous to her marriage that the following incident happened:—A gentleman who chanced to be travelling in the north of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlor by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said—"Sir, I am Nelly Walker's sister;" thus showing her hope that the fame of her sister's heroism had reached further than her own celebrity of a far different nature; or, perhaps, removed as she was from the home and the scenes of her youth, the sight of a face once familiar to her may have impelled her to seek the consolation of naming her sister to one probably acquainted with the circumstances of her history, and of that sister's share in them.

The manner in which Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with Helen Walker's history has been already alluded to. In the notes to the *Abbotsford* edition of his novels he acknowledges his obligation on this point to Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging character still survive in the memory of her friends." Her communication to him was in these words:—

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found, perhaps, homely and poor enough; mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over and some through the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a level with the cot-

* Wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries.

tage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

‘Whose distant roaring swells and fa’s.’

As my kitchen and parlor were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings; that is, knit feet to country people’s stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read; and in summer she ‘whiles reared a whan chickens.’

“I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this, and said: ‘I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think sae?’ I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said: ‘Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi’ a gude husband, and a fine family o’ bairns, and plenty o’ everything!’ For me, I am the puirist of a’ puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a’ the wee bit o’ ways I hae tell’t ye.’ After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman’s sensible conversation, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather coloring, ‘My name is Helen Walker; and your husband kens weel about me.’

“In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. — said, ‘There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker;’ and he gave the history which has already been related here.”

The writer continues. “I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it until my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker’s cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavored to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c. ‘Na,’ the old woman said, ‘Helen was a wily body, and whene’er any o’ the neighbors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.’ In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue.”

This account was enclosed in the following letter to the author of Waverley, without date or signature:—

“Sir—The occurrence just related happened to

me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once purposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character; but now I leave it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner.”

Mrs. Goldie endeavored to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London; but this she found impossible, as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, had made her so indissolubly connect her sister’s disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbors durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen’s, and who was living in 1820, says she worked in harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister’s trial, or her journey to London. “Helen,” she said, “was a lofty body, and used a high style o’ language.” The same old woman says, “that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father’s family.” The old person here spoken of must have been a mere child to our heroine, who died in the year 1791, at the age of eighty-one or eighty-two; and this difference of age may well account for any reserve in speaking on such a subject, making it appear natural and proper, and not the result of any undue “loftiness” of character. All recollections of her are connected with her constant and devout reading of the Bible. A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations permitted her time; and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field.

An extract from a recent letter says, on the subject of our heroine—“I think I neglected to specify to you that Helen Walker lived in one of those cottages at the Chedar Mills which you and your sisters so much admired; and the Mr. Walker who, as he said himself, ‘laid her head in the grave,’ lived in that larger two-storied house standing high on the opposite bank. He is since dead, or I might have got the particulars from him that we wanted: he was a respectable farmer.”

The memorial which Mrs. Goldie wished to be raised over her grave has since been erected at the expense of Sir Walter Scott. The inscription is as follows:—

This stone was erected
by the Author of Waverley
to the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.
This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS:
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
she nevertheless showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her

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The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty and condemned. In removing her from the bar she was heard to say to her sister: "O Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death;" when Helen replied—"Ye ken I bute speak the truth." In Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and of this precious interval Helen knew how to avail herself. Whether her scheme had been long and carefully

considered, or was the inspiration of a bold and vigorous mind in the moment of its greatest anguish at her sister's reproach, we cannot tell; but the very day of the condemnation she found strength for exertion and for thought. Her first step was to get a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of her sister's case; she then borrowed a sum of money necessary for her expenses; and that same night set out on her journey, barefooted and alone, and in due time reached London in safety, having performed the whole distance from Dumfries on foot. Arrived in London, she made her way at once to John, Duke of Argyle. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, wrapped in her tartan plaid, and carrying her petition in her hand, she succeeded in gaining an audience, and presented herself before him. She was heard afterwards to say, that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the duke at a most critical moment, which, if lost, would have taken away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot just in time to save her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, thus saved from the fate which impended over her, was eventually married by Waugh, the man who had wronged her, and lived happily for great part of a century, in or near Whitehaven, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation. It may have been previous to her marriage that the following incident happened:—A gentleman who chanced to be travelling in the north of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlor by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said—"Sir, I am Nelly Walker's sister;" thus showing her hope that the fame of her sister's heroism had reached further than her own celebrity of a far different nature; or, perhaps, removed as she was from the home and the scenes of her youth, the sight of a face once familiar to her may have impelled her to seek the consolation of naming her sister to one probably acquainted with the circumstances of her history, and of that sister's share in them.

The manner in which Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with Helen Walker's history has been already alluded to. In the notes to the *Abbotsford* edition of his novels he acknowledges his obligation on this point to Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging character still survive in the memory of her friends." Her communication to him was in these words:—

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found, perhaps, homely and poor enough; mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over and some through the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a level with the cot-

* Wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries.

tage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

‘Whose distant roaring swells and fa’s.’

As my kitchen and parlor were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings; that is, knit feet to country people’s stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read; and in summer she ‘whiles reared a when chickens.’

“I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this, and said: ‘I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think sae!’ I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said: ‘Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi’ a gude husband, and a fine family o’ bairns, and plenty o’ everything! For me, I am the puirdest o’ a’ puir bodies, and I can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a’ the wee bit o’ ways I hae tell’t ye.’ After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman’s sensible conversation, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather coloring, ‘My name is Helen Walker; and your husband kens weel about me.’

“In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. — said, ‘There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker;’ and he gave the history which has already been related here.”

The writer continues. “I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it until my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker’s cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavored to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c. ‘Na,’ the old woman said, ‘Helen was a wiley body, and whene’er any o’ the neebors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.’ In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue.”

This account was enclosed in the following letter to the author of Waverley, without date or signature:—

“Sir—The occurrence just related happened to

me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once purposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character; but now I leave it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner.”

Mrs. Goldie endeavored to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London; but this she found impossible, as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, had made her so indissolubly connect her sister’s disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbors durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen’s, and who was living in 1820, says she worked in harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister’s trial, or her journey to London. “Helen,” she said, “was a lofty body, and used a high style o’ language.” The same old woman says, “that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father’s family.” The old person here spoken of must have been a mere child to our heroine, who died in the year 1791, at the age of eighty-one or eighty-two; and this difference of age may well account for any reserve in speaking on such a subject, making it appear natural and proper, and not the result of any undue “loftiness” of character. All recollections of her are connected with her constant and devout reading of the Bible. A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations permitted her time; and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field.

An extract from a recent letter says, on the subject of our heroine—“I think I neglected to specify to you that Helen Walker lived in one of those cottages at the Chedar Mills which you and your sisters so much admired; and the Mr. Walker who, as he said himself, ‘laid her head in the grave,’ lived in that larger two-storied house standing high on the opposite bank. He is since dead, or I might have got the particulars from him that we wanted: he was a respectable farmer.”

The memorial which Mrs. Goldie wished to be raised over her grave has since been erected at the expense of Sir Walter Scott. The inscription is as follows:—

This stone was erected
by the Author of Waverley
to the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.
This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS:
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
she nevertheless showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her

from the severity of the law,
at the expense of personal exertions
which the time rendered as difficult
as the motive was laudable.

Respect the grave of poverty,
when combined with the love of truth
and dear affection.

Jeanie Deans is recompensed by her biographer
for the trials through which he leads her, with a
full measure of earthly comfort; for few novelists

dare venture to make virtue its own reward; yet
the following reflection shows him to have felt how
little the ordinary course of Providence is in accord-
ance with man's natural wishes, and his expecta-
tions of a splendid temporal reward of goodness :
—"That a character so distinguished for her un-
daunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if
not want, serves only to show us how insignificant
in the sight of heaven are our principal objects of
ambition upon earth."

THE LITTLE SISTER.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, in her excellent essays
upon Household Education, thus describes the sen-
sations of a child of nine years of age, upon the
introduction of a little stranger into the family, to
gladden the hearts of the domestic circle :

"I well remember that the strongest feelings I
ever entertained towards any human being were
towards a sister, born when I was nine years old.
I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted
so strong an educational influence over me as her
birth. The emotions excited in me were over-
whelming for above two years; and I recall them
as vividly as ever now when I see her with a child
of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my
knees many times in a day, to thank God that he
permitted me to see the growth of a human being
from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gayly
every morning as this thought beamed upon me
with the morning light. I learnt all my lessons
without missing a word for many months, that I
might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during
my play-hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to
her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees,
trying to make out how a creature like this might
rise 'from strength to strength,' till it became like
Christ.

"My great pain was, (and it was truly at times
a despair,) to think what a work lay before this
thoughtless little being. I could not see how she
was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty
limbs; but the talking was the despair. I fancied
that she would have to learn every word separately,
as I learned my French Vocabulary; and I looked
at the big Johnson's Dictionary till I could not bear
to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it
so hard to learn through a small book like that
Vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at
two years old such a big one as that! Many a
time I feared that she never could possibly learn to
speak. And when I thought of all the trees and
plants, and all the stars, and all the human faces
she must learn, to say nothing of lessons—I was
dreadfully oppressed, and almost wished she had
never been born. Then followed the relief of find-
ing that walking came of itself—step by step: and
then, that talking came of itself—word by word at
first, and then many new words in a day.

"Never did I feel a relief like this, when the dread
of this mighty task was changed into amusement at
her funny use of words, and droll mistakes about
them. This taught me the lesson, never since for-
gotten, that a way always lies open before us, for
all that is necessary for us to do, however impos-
sible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt
that if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to
be despaired of from human powers, exerted accord-
ing to God's laws. Then followed the anguish of
her childish illnesses—the misery of her weeping
after vaccination, when I could neither bear to stay

in the nursery nor to keep away from her; and the
terror of the back stairs, and of her falls, when she
found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she
first knew the sunshine, and the flowers, and the
opening spring; and the shame if she did anything
rude, and the glory when she did anything right
and sweet.

"The early life of that child was to me a long
course of intense emotions which, I am certain,
have constituted the most important part of my edu-
cation. I speak openly of them here, because I am
bound to tell the best I know about Household
Education; and on that, as on most subjects, the
best we have to tell is our own experience. And
I tell it the more readily because I am certain that
my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions
and emotions that were working within me, through
my own unconsciousness of them at the time, and
the natural modesty which makes children conceal
the strongest and deepest of their feelings; and it
may be well to give parents a hint that more is
passing in the hearts of their children, on occasion
of the gift of a new soul to the family circle, than
the ingenuous mind can recognize for itself, or
knows how to confide."

From the United States Gazette

THE MOTHERLESS BABE.

BY M. E. THORP.

ANNA, step softly here and peep
Beneath the shading lid;
Our precious charge is fast asleep
Within her little crib.

How fair she is! how those soft curls
Her young sweet face adorn!
How pure the calm reposing grace
Of that small perfect form!

Sleep on, sweet babe, though strangers bend
To guard thy slumbers now;
Though eyes less loving watchful gaze
On thy young cherub brow.

Sleep on, though she who loved thee best
Rests with the quiet dead,
Who pillowed on her gentle breast
Thy young unconscious head.

To whose kind lips thy rosy mouth
Was often fondly prest;
Who dried thy tears and gently lulled
Thy little woes to rest;

Who breathed full many a fervent prayer
O'er thee, thus sleeping laid;
Whose every hope encircled thee,
Her little helpless babe.

Sleep on blest babe, a favored lot
To thee is early given;
A sainted mother's prayers have smoothed
And paved thy path to heaven.

Valley Forge, March 2.

From the St. Louis Republican.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

THE best description of the battle of Buena Vista which we have seen, is the following, from a field officer of the 2nd regiment of Illinois volunteers. We copy it from the St. Louis Republican. It is no doubt a faithful narrative of the most bloody battle ever fought on the American continent. Even the battle of New Orleans was less destructive to human life. The proportion of four Mexicans to one American was just sufficient to make the conflict terrible. It is evident that our brave men (all but 600 of whom were volunteers) had their hands full, and that under almost any other chief, the result might have been different. They had to contend with the largest, best disciplined, and best appointed Mexican army ever brought into the field, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The proportion of the combatants was 5000 to 20,000—of killed and wounded, 750 to 2000 or upwards. These figures are established by a vast amount of evidence, as very nearly correct.

BATTLE GROUND AT SAN JUAN DE BUENA VISTA, MEXICO, Feb. 25, 1846.

On the morning of the 20th, our army being encamped at Agua Nueva, information was received that the enemy was advancing, when Gen. Taylor ordered the troops to fall back upon this place. Early on the 22d, the clouds of dust towards Agua Nueva, told that the Mexican army was on the advance. At about 11 o'clock the long roll of the drum summoned us to the field. Our regiments were formed, artillery posted, and we availed ourselves of every advantage that could be taken of the ground. In a few minutes, the leading columns of the enemy were distinctly seen, at a distance of two miles, steadily advancing in the most perfect order. Some two thousand lances, with the artillery, fourteen pieces of different calibre, from 24's down, composed the leading division; then such a host of infantry and lances as never was seen together in Mexico before, I suppose, came into full view and filed into position. It was the most grand and gorgeous spectacle I ever witnessed: the sun glancing from the bright lances and bayonets of twenty-one thousand men—the rattling of their artillery carriages—the prancing of their richly caparisoned horses, and the continued sound of their bugles, swelling through the air, made up a scene never to be described or forgotten. The armies in line of battle were drawn up in a mountain pass. On our right was a deep ravine, impracticable to be turned by cavalry or artillery, whilst on our left the mountains of "Sierra Madre" towered two thousand feet into the skies. A spur of continuous hills, running from the mountain nearly to the ravine, was occupied by our troops—whilst the space between the spur of hills and the ravine, over which the San Luis road runs, was occupied by five pieces of light artillery, commanded by Capt. Washington. This was our centre, and was most gallantly defended by Capt. W., upon whose battery the enemy played four hours with six twenty-four pounders, planted within point blank range, and out of reach of his sixes, without making the slightest impression on them. Between the two armies were immense ravines, some of them nearly fifty feet deep, the sides covered with loose pebbles, and the bottoms extremely precipitate and serpentine from the heavy washing rains. A smooth piece of ground next the mountain, and between it and the head of the ravines, some three hundred yards in depth,

was the most accessible point for turning our left flank, if, indeed, an army of five thousand two hundred men, displayed over two miles of ground, in the presence of such a host, could be considered as having a flank. Overlooking Washington's battery, and within near musket shot, is a high hill, on the crown of which was posted the first regiment of Illinois volunteers, to cover the battery and save the centre.

Having given you this imperfect sketch of the field, from which you will be the better enabled to understand the operations of the different corps, I will, with a swelling heart, try to describe that part of the fight in which our regiment participated. The Kentucky cavalry and Arkansas troops were posted near the mountain, and as skirmishers, having been first dismounted, brought on the action, at half past four o'clock, on the 22d, by engaging about fifteen hundred of the enemy's light troops who had been deployed on top of the mountain to turn our left. Our riflemen advanced up the side of the mountain, extending their line to prevent the enemy's flanking them, and fighting as they toiled up the almost perpendicular ascent, until the whole side of the mountain from base to summit, was one sheet of fire. The sight was a splendid one, and our hearts warmed towards home and country, as we lay upon the field, contemplating the scene two thousand feet above us, and resolving that the next day should witness a noble victory, or a disastrous and terrible defeat. The firing continued until after dark, when our riflemen retired, the enemy remaining in possession of the heights. We slept upon our arms, on what was to be the next day a ghastly field of carnage. The second Illinois regiment, which has suffered so severely, was posted about eight hundred yards from the base of the mountain; the 2d Indiana on our left, and three pieces of light artillery, commanded by Lieut. O'Brien, between us and the Indians. Our position was that upon which the enemy would advance, it was supposed, with the heaviest force of his infantry, and was to be desperately defended. As was expected, the Mexican infantry advanced upon us in three columns, composed of eight regiments. Advancing steadily to the brow of the hill, the first line came down the hill a few paces; the second not quite so low, and the third upon the summit of the ravine bank; the most distant line about 200 yards from us. Our regiment was kneeling, awaiting their advance, expecting that they would cross the ravine, and would have but two regiments to fight at once; but the instant they were formed, a terrific fire was opened upon us by the entire force, in our part of not less than four thousand regular troops. We were here ordered to open upon them, and for thirty minutes we poured into them as galling a fire as ever was witnessed—our men discharging their pieces not less than twenty times within point blank. Here we had about sixty officers and men killed and wounded. The Indians on our left giving way early in the fight, enabled the lancers to cross the ravine, and come down upon our left flank, when we fell back some two hundred and fifty yards, where those that could be rallied halted and were again formed.

The 2d Kentucky, commanded by Col. McKee, were ordered to our support, as well as Col. Hardin's 1st Illinoisans. Poor Hardin, with his gallant regiment, advanced upon them, to our relief, and drove back the enemy on our left. By the time the 2d Kentucky came up, we were again rallied, and with them made as fine a charge as ever was made,

driving back four times our numbers, killing and wounding an immense number of the enemy, and capturing the standard of the 1st battalion of Guanajuata, which was taken by Capt. Raith, of St. Clair county, and after remaining in our possession all day, was unfortunately lost in the last charge, which robbed the nation of a Hardin, McKee, and Clay.

The 1st Illinoisans, when they drove back the enemy on our left, took the standard of the "active battery of San Luis Potosi," which was sent to the rear and saved. When the 2d Indianians fell back, such a host of lancers and infantry advanced upon the three pieces of artillery under the command of Lieut. O'Brien, that they fell into the enemy's hands—not, however, until the gunners were nearly all shot down, their horses killed, and both officers at the battery wounded. These guns were well fought, and O'Brien deserves the highest praise for his coolness and courage. No doubt Santa Anna will be highly glorified, when it is discovered that a piece lost at San Jacinto, has been recaptured at Buena Vista, and the universal Mexican nation will rejoice at it. Let them do so; they got three of our guns into their hands, and their weight in shot into their bodies. The first gun on the 23d, was fired at daylight, and the fighting continued until dark put an end to the effusion of blood. We slept a second night upon the bloody field, on our arms. No adequate description of the fight can be given: it was a succession of brilliant advances and disastrous retreats all the day—our regiments advancing to attack five times their numbers, driving them with great loss, until the enemy, reinforced by fresh regiments, rallied, and in their turn, by their overwhelming numbers, compelling us to fall back.

About 2 o'clock in the day, the 2d Kentucky and 2d Illinois, who had never retired more than 300 yards from where we had received the enemy's first fire, were lying in the head of two ravines, under cover from the enemy's artillery, who had taken post upon the ground abandoned by the Indiana regiment, and were driving a torrent of round shot, grape and canister amongst us, when suddenly the firing ceased, and four officers, at the utmost speed, came galloping towards us. Cols. McKee, Clay, Bissell and myself, advanced some sixty yards from our cover to meet them. With the greatest difficulty our men were restrained from firing upon them as they came up, alleging that as they brought no white flag, it was a *ruse*. They asked for Gen. Taylor. Col. Clay accompanied one of them, the aid of Gen. Santa Anna, to Gen. Taylor, who was sitting with his right leg over his horse's neck, just behind us, as unconcerned at the danger he was in, and as composed as man possibly could be. Whilst the aid was delivering his message to the general, we took the liberty of quizzing the other three a little. I asked one of them, who appeared highest in rank, "What is the object of your mission?" He replied by pointing to our men, who were, the most of them, lying on their faces, at full length, about forty paces from him, "Those are troops of the line, are they?" To which we replied, "Six hundred of them are." I then resumed my questions, when he answered in Spanish, and as we did not appear to comprehend him, repeated in French, that "Gen. Santa Anna wishes to know what Gen. Taylor wants." He said it with such an air of unconcern, that we all broke out into a loud laugh.

I understood that when the aid reached the general, he repeated the same thing to him, when the

old "war hero" told the interpreter to tell him, "he wanted the Mexican army to surrender; tell him that I will treat Santa Anna and his army like gentlemen." The fact is, that at this time the right wing of the Mexican forces had been entirely cut off, and near 4000 lancers and infantry were at the mercy of Capt. Bragg's battery of light artillery, which had been advanced so close to their line, that with canister they would make a deep ravine through which they were compelled to pass to rejoin the main body of the Mexican force, which they were on the full retreat to reunite with, having been driven back by the cavalry, Mississippians and Sherman's light battery, which poured a most destructive fire upon them. At the same time that the messengers came from Santa Anna, to whom I have alluded, a white flag was sent in from the right wing under retreat. Mr. Crittenden, Gen. T.'s aid, I think, returned with it to the enemy's lines, where they closed round him, and, under protection of the flag, with Mr. C. in their midst, passed Bragg's battery within point blank canister range. Thus, but for their duplicity, the entire right wing of their army would have been taken, the victory won, and the terrible loss we sustained in the last charge saved the nation. The two wings reunited (near where the 2d Indiana were posted in the morning) under the most blazing and effective fire from our light batteries, that cannon ever poured into columns of men. They fell by scores, and on this spot I saw, the next day, as many as five men killed by the same round shot—legs were knocked in one direction, arms in another—horses, lancers, and infantry in rich profusion, strewn the ground. The enemy retired under this most withering fire, and if we had been content with a victory only, we had won one, never to be forgotten while our history lasts—but, unfortunately, we here pursued it too far. The gallant and lamented Hardin—the soul of bravery—advanced with his regiment to charge the enemy's cannon, under cover of which he was rapidly retiring. But whilst we were negotiating with the white flags, the enemy's reserve of nearly 5,000 chosen infantry, who were fresh and had not participated in the day, were advanced, and placed in the immense ravine which separated the two armies in the morning. They must have extended down the ravine, towards the San Luis road, for six hundred yards. The ground was cut to pieces with these ravines running parallel to each other, and not more than one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards apart. In advancing upon the enemy's battery, the first regiment soon came under a most galling fire from the right of the enemy's reserve, and was immediately ordered to cover itself by a deep ravine, around the head of which it was filing, when the fire opened upon it.

As we had fought side by side so long, our regiment, with one will and heart, advanced to their relief, crossing the deep, and taking position on the right of the 1st Illinois regiment, commenced a hot fire upon the enemy's right, which soon would have brought them to a right about. After exchanging some dozen rounds, a perfect forest of bayonets made their appearance over the brow of the hill right in our front, and gave us as much to do as we could to return their fire. The Second Kentucky regiment, seeing our perilous position, broke from their cover, and crossed the gully below us, as we had done when the 1st Illinois took position on our right, and were soon in the hottest of the fight. They, too, had as much to do in front as one regi-

ment could attend to, whilst about 1000 infantry on their right ran across the level ground, between the two ravines, to cut off our retreat to the San Luis road, down which, under cover of Washington's guns, we could only reach the redoubt on the hill, where the 1st Illinois were posted in the early part of the action.

As soon as we engaged the reserve, the enemy's lancers filing to the left, dashed down to take position at the mouth of the ravine, to pick up all who should be so fortunate as even to reach it. I soon discovered that the odds against us was so great, that we must be overpowered, and having witnessed, during the day, the barbarities committed upon our wounded officers, resigned myself to die. The right wing of the enemy's reserve had crossed over, and were turning our left flank—our men were too tired and broken down to bring them to the bayonet, and our only salvation was in retreat. I turned my eyes down the ravine, and the distance sickened me; and when I thought, but for one instant, upon how many gallant men would die there—murdered, butchered, even after surrender—my brain reeled: the order was given to retreat—no possible order could be observed, the banks were precipitate, rocky, and covered with loose rolling pebbles—five colonels were, with their regiments, at the head of the ravine where the order was given—three of them, John J. Hardin, Col. McKee and Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, fell wounded, and were inhumanly lanced to death, and stripped of their clothing. I think the lance was run through poor Clay as often as ten times; his men carried him some two hundred yards, but to save their own lives, were compelled to abandon him—the wound which disabled him, was a slight one through the legs. The same was poor Hardin's case. Col. Bissell and myself escaped untouched, but a horrible massacre of our men took place here. Besides a large number of privates, there fell in this fatal ravine, Capt. Zabriskie, 1st Illinois volunteers; Capt. William T. Willis, Kentucky volunteers; Lieuts. T. Kelly, Rodney Ferguson, Ed. F. Fletcher, Lauriston Robbins, Allen B. Rountree and Jas. C. Steele, of 2d Illinois volunteers; Lieut. Hotten, 1st Illinois, and Lieut. Ball, 2d Kentucky volunteers. The lancers who had dashed down the road to cut off our retreat, were driven back by Washington's artillery, which opened a well directed fire upon them; but for which, not one of us would have gotten out—the banks on each side of the ravine, were very steep, at least fifty feet, and it was impossible to rally a man under the desolating fire which poured upon us from several thousand fresh troops. When we reached the redoubt it was nearly night; we had been in the engagement since daylight, and nature, unable to bear any greater burden, yielded, and officers and men sunk down upon the rocks and earth completely exhausted. Although we were driven, the enemy were completely defeated and withdrew his army about three miles towards "Agua Nueva," built fires and in appearance bivouacked for the night. We slept among the dead and dying—an awful night I assure you for the most of us. Next morning at dawn, not a Mexican soldier was in sight save the killed, wounded and stragglers, with which the field was literally crowded; their hospitals and wounded fell into our hands, besides a host of prisoners. The army during the night of the 22d retired in confusion, and spent the 24th at Agua Nueva; to-day they have passed the pass, and are in full retreat upon San Luis Potosi. Owing to our small force, it has been impossible for

General Taylor to avail himself of the full fruits of the victory.

If Harney's Dragoons and Worth's Brigade had been with us, the whole Mexican army would have fallen into our hands. I regret that I am unable to give you the part acted by the brave Mississippians, under Col. Davis. They fought most heroically, but as they were engaged with the enemy's right wing, and more than a mile from us, their conduct was not witnessed by us.

The field was saved several times during the day by the light artillery, which was most ably managed and gallantly fought by Captains Washington, Bragg and Sherman, Lieuts. O'Brien, Thomas, Brent, Bryan, and others. Several times during the day Captain Washington drove back the lancers, who made demonstrations against him, sending shells and shot through their ranks in fearful numbers. The timely aid of his guns saved a number of lives, when we retreated down the ravine at night.

The victory is complete, though dearly purchased; our loss in killed and wounded is about 740, whilst that of the enemy is over 2000, eleven hundred of whom are said to be killed; near 700 of their wounded fell into our hands and are in hospitals. It is a horrid sight to witness their mangled and mutilated forms where the round shot have torn them to pieces.

During the battle Gen. Minon, with his 1500 lancers, came down through the Palomas Pass to attack our rear, when Lieut. Jas. L. Donaldson, of Webster's howitzer battery, sallied from the redoubt at Saltillo, with a 24-pound howitzer, supported by Captain Wheeler's company Illinois volunteers, and a six-pounder, commanded by Lieut. Shover, and poured into them such a well directed fire of case shot that they retired in the utmost confusion. This timely and gallant diversion of Minon, was no doubt highly instrumental in saving us the day.

I could recount a thousand acts of individual courage worthy of record, but where all behaved so well, it would be invidious almost to record them. Capt. Lincoln was waving us on with his sword, when he fell dead into the arms of Capt. Raith, of Belleville. Capt. Steen, of the dragoons, was on every part of the field, animating the volunteers by his presence and words; where the bullets were the thickest, his towering black plume was seen, until the gallant rider fell, severely wounded. Col. Churchill has won an imperishable reputation for coolness and bravery. He rode along the lines of our regiment but a minute before the enemy opened upon us, remarking, "My brave Illinoisans, you did not make all those long marches to be whipped now, did you?" and retired to our rear, where his horse received four wounds.

Gen. Wool behaved most gallantly, and has earned all the country can do for him; besides the respect, esteem and admiration of his brigade, who, before the battle, had a long account of what they considered petty annoyances treasured against him.

What can be said of "Old Rough and Ready?"—He was everywhere, at the same time animating, ordering, and persuading his men to remember the day and their country, and strike home for both. The breast of his coat was pierced by a canister shot.—"These balls are growing excited," was his cool remark. I give you a list of the killed and wounded of our regiment; it is the highest, though bloodiest eulogium that can be passed upon it.

I have extended this letter to an alarming length, I am aware, but your readers will excuse it—the

theme is a mighty one—my heart is full, and pen could not be controlled. Major Mansfield, for self-possession and cool courage, was unequalled by any officer on the field. Gen. Taylor's staff, amongst whom is Lieut. Pope, of our state, bore orders through every part of the field.

I had almost forgotten to mention that before the fight commenced, and after the Mexican lines were formed, Santa Anna sent a message to Gen. Taylor, telling him that he had twenty-one thousand men, and that he had better surrender; to which the general replied, before the message was half delivered, "No, no—tell him, not if he had fifty thousand."—After the battle, Major Bliss overtook Santa Anna to exchange prisoners, when he said to him in the most excited manner, "Tell Gen. Taylor I expect to meet him when no ravines will separate our armies."

The Mexican army has broken up in great confusion, and this battle, I hope, may end the war.

CAPTAIN VINTON.

A VERY general feeling has been expressed by our citizens in favor of some public honors to this brave and accomplished officer, who was killed at Vera Cruz. Captain Vinton was a Rhode Island man by birth and citizenship, and he always entertained and expressed the greatest regard and affection for his native state. We know it was his wish that his body should rest in her soil, and we believe that this wish will be unanimously responded to by those who feel that the fame of her children is the proudest heritage of a state. We entertain no doubt that the General Assembly will take the proper measures to carry into effect the public wish in this respect, and as the session of the assembly is so near, perhaps it might not be decorous for any inferior authority to move in the matter. The following notice of Captain Vinton has been furnished by a correspondent:—

BREVET MAJOR JOHN R. VINTON.—"He left behind him a character illustrious for every eminent virtue, and from his earliest youth until the hour when he expired, unstained with any blemish."

Such was the record borne by an historian of England to one of its warrior princes; and it occurred to our memory as strikingly applicable to one of the latest victims of the Mexican war, Major John Rogers Vinton, who fell at Vera Cruz. He was born in the town of Providence, R. I., June 16th, 1801. Entering the Military Academy at West Point in his fourteenth year, outstripping every cadet, young or old, who had come before him, and completing the course of study prescribed by the institution in a little more than half the term usually occupied, he received a commission in 1817, at the age of sixteen years—by much the youngest lieutenant in the army—and from that day to the last fatal one, through years of self-denial, in sickly stations and with shattered health, has been continually at the call of his country, from his first service to his final sacrifice.

But the "din of arms" did not overpower in Major Vinton the "still, small voice" of peace, or the love of the things that make for peace. He was a diligent student in mathematical science; successfully cultivated a taste and talent for the fine arts in all their varieties; and happy in the fair object of his choice so long as she was spared to him, and cherishing all

"The charities
Of father, son, and brother,"

he derived and dispensed the choicest enjoyments at home.

Major Vinton had a holier than his military profession; and engaged in a higher than earthly warfare. His moral courage, energy, and perseverance, were alike signalized and consummated in both conflicts.

His name has become historic. His fame is the heritage, not only of his family, but of his native state and country. At Monterey he was preëminently distinguished in planning and leading the brilliant and successful assault against the "Bishop's Palace," the acknowledged key to the enemy's position. The capture of that citadel is named by General Ampudia in his despatches to his government, as one of the foremost achievements of the American arms, which made it necessary for him to surrender the city.

Captain Vinton was brevetted for this gallant action. The intelligence of this promotion never reached him. The following is the eulogy pronounced upon him by General Scott, in a despatch from head quarters:—

"That officer was Captain John R. Vinton, of the United States 3d Artillery, one of the most talented, accomplished, and effective members of the army, and who was highly distinguished in the brilliant operation at Monterey. He fell last evening, in the trenches, where he was on duty as field and commanding officer, universally regretted. I have just attended his honored remains to a soldier's grave, in full view of the enemy, and within reach of his guns."

As a Christian soldier, his life may be a lesson to the young, to combine piety with patriotism, and rectify the calculations of earthly ambition by referring them to a heavenly standard. Let his own more emphatic words speak for him—the earnest and last, written shortly before his death—so touchingly prophetic of his impending fate, with all the tenderness of a voice from the tomb—with all the authority of a voice from above it!

"I have hitherto lived mostly for others—but my children will reap some of the fruits of my self-denial, by the means I shall leave them of living independently, and securing a good education. I commit them in full reliance to the care of their Heavenly Father, and I hope their trust in him will ever be at least as firm and unceasing as has been my own. My confidence in the overruling providence of God is unqualified; so that I go to the field of action fully assured that whatever may befall me will be for the best. I feel proud to serve my country in this her time of appeal; and should even the worst—death itself—be my lot, I shall meet it cheerfully, concurring fully in the beautiful Roman sentiment, '*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.*'"

Providence Journal.

"PRAY," said a mother to her dying child;
"Pray," and in token of assent, he smiled.
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The failing breath, that he could hardly speak.
At length he cried, "Dear mother, in God's book
Is it not written, unto Jesus look?
I can look up—I have no strength for prayer:
Look unto me, and be ye saved, is there."
"It is, my child—it is, thus saith the Lord!
And we may confidently trust His word."
Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes,
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

Inquirer.

A FRAGMENT OF LITERARY HISTORY.

In the last *Sunday Times* is a letter from James Webster, formerly a well-known bookseller in Philadelphia, which has been called forth by some attack upon Wirt's life of that extraordinary man, Patrick Henry, of which Mr. Webster was the publisher. He gives the following account of the purchase of the copyright of the work.

"Mr. Wirt's character as a writer being so well established by his productions of the 'British Spy' and 'Old Bachelor,' caused considerable competition for his copyright of the 'Sketches,' &c., particularly so after a few extracts from the manuscript had been published, in the *Richmond Enquirer*. Being aware that \$1200 had been offered, I at once offered him \$1500, when he said—'Add to it, \$500 in books, and it is a bargain.' This I agreed to—in addition to which I presented him with fifty copies of the work, splendidly bound; also, Sully's painting in an elegant frame; making in the whole sum paid to him not less than \$2200 for an octavo volume of less than 450 pages—not more than equal to one of Blackwood's Magazines. I may also add not less than \$300 paid to the artists, in procuring the engraved portrait of Mr. Henry. If I am not much mistaken, Mr. Wirt received for his work probably the first liberal compensation ever paid to an American author."

We have heard it questioned whether the likeness of Patrick Henry, prefixed to his life, was genuine or not, and some have called it a caricature. Mr. Webster makes the following statement, which puts the stamp of authenticity on the portrait:

"Immediately after I had purchased from Mr. Wirt his 'Sketches,' &c., I was desirous to procure an engraved portrait likeness of Mr. Henry as a necessary embellishment to accompany the work. To obtain this adjunct, I not only travelled over Mr. Henry's native county, but through those adjoining. Finally I obtained from Mrs., or Miss Symes, of Rocky Mills, a coarse miniature of Mr. H., taken, as I understood, by some travelling portrait painter. With this miniature, I personally waited on many individuals who had been intimately acquainted with him, all of whom said the likeness was a bad one. I requested them to point out the deficiencies, which was done. Some of them gave me written memorandums—amongst them B. Waller, Esq., of Williamsburg; David Robertson, Esq., of Petersburg; and Dr. Fouchée, then postmaster of Richmond.

"With the information thus obtained, and the miniature, I waited on that distinguished portrait painter, Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia, and requested him to paint me a portrait of Patrick Henry from the documents laid before him, and to charge his own price for the same. When the portrait was finished, I took it down to Richmond, expressly for the purpose of submitting it to the inspection of those who had given me information to aid in painting it, and others who had personally known Mr. Henry from his youth. My first call was on Chief Justice Marshall. Placing the portrait before him, I said—'Judge Marshall, can you tell me whose portrait that is?' He replied,—'That is Patrick Henry, and an excellent likeness of him it is.' At this time Judge Marshall did not know that I was engaged in the publication. I next waited on Col. Preston, the governor of Virginia, who agreed in what Judge Marshall had said. B. Waller, Esq., David Robertson, Dr.

Fouchée, and others, also pronounced it an excellent likeness.

"Being now satisfied that I had procured a correct likeness, I put the portrait into the hands of Mr. Leney, of New York, one of the best portrait engravers then in our country, who did justice to the portrait in preserving the likeness."

Mr. Webster certainly appears to have acted with very great liberality in getting up this publication, setting an example to booksellers, which we should be glad to see universally followed in this day, when books find a much wider market than then. But this is not the only instance of his munificence. Our readers are acquainted with the sea-pieces of the painter Birch, who represents the waves of the ocean with all the transparency of nature, and makes them roll and toss under the wind with such truth that you seem to hear them roar. This artist accomplished himself by painting sea-pieces for Mr. Webster, who, soon after the last war with Great Britain, got up a series of large engravings representing the naval combats on the ocean and the lakes, in which our commanders so honorably distinguished themselves by their courage and conduct. The designs for those engravings were all painted by Birch, for a hundred dollars each—a compensation which, in those days, was extremely liberal, and for executing each of the engravings sums amounting to ten or twelve hundred dollars were paid.

In the course of his letter, Mr. Webster speaks thus of the evidence which he obtained of the deficiency of Patrick Henry's early education—a deficiency afterwards, in some measure, repaired by private study.

"My late friend, Judge Thomas Cooper, being about to visit Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, I requested him to ask Mr. J. his opinion as to the correctness of 'Mr. Wirt's Sketches of the Life of Patrick Henry,' and the engraved portrait which accompanies it. Judge Cooper informed me, on his return, that Mr. Jefferson said, 'he did not believe one or the other could be more correct,' and continued—'I shall never forget Mr. Henry calling on me at Williamsburg College to aid him in procuring a license to practise law. From what I knew of his previous life, education, &c., I felt surprised, and asked him how long he had been reading law, and what books he had read! Perfectly composed—'Coke upon Lyttleton and the laws of Virginia.'"

"At this time, Mr. Henry must have been twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. Up to this period, Mr. Wirt was correct in saying 'Mr. Henry's education was deficient.' Much credit is due to Patrick Henry for his future industry and perseverance in obtaining a liberal education, and that, too, without collegiate aid."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

From the Spectator.

DR. CHILD ON INDIGESTION.

DR. CHILD's situation as physician to the Westminster Dispensary has given him an experience in bilious complaints and indigestion, as well amongst the poor as the rich; and for that purpose, dispensary is perhaps more favorable than hospital practice, since the last is employed on diseases of a more imposing character. Persons are not wanting, indeed, who hold that the poor are seldom troubled with indigestion, but rather the reverse, unless when their own imprudence brings on a temporary fit. As respects the open air or active working classes on sufficient wages, this is probably true;

but there are a vast many persons in large towns with sedentary occupations, small and uncertain wages, the bad habits which half employed poverty engenders, and the scanty and unwholesome food it obtains; and these, we suspect, suffer as much from indigestion as any class of the community. This further evil attaches to their condition, that while in many cases the dietetic errors of the richer classes admit of instant change, and in all cases they are able to procure the adjuvants that money can supply, those depressing circumstances which produced the ill health of the poor remain the same, or are aggravated by the character of their complaint.

The present treatise on indigestion does not attempt to compete "in general merit with some already written upon the same subject;" nor has it the original views, or definite principles upon indigestion, of one or two that have appeared before the public. It is, however, an extensive and a sensible view of disorder and diseases primarily connected with the stomach and liver. Its more distinctive features as a contribution to medical literature are the statistics of the symptoms connected with stomacic derangement, and the analytical exhaustive mode in which the subject is treated.

Dr. Child begins by briefly considering the causes, physiology, and morbid anatomy of indigestion, as well as its usually received varieties, and the modes in which it originates. He then treats generally of its pains, and specially of its particular pains with their treatment, from the sharper or neuralgic symptoms, up to the mere inconvenience of a rising in the throat; though he omits a very severe affection of the twisting kind, which is best compared to a corkscrew pain. The abnormal condition of the appetites of hunger and thirst are next handled, and then the more professional symptoms from the state of the tongue, skin, &c.; after which, the general treatment of the complaint is considered; and the book closes with a useful chapter on diet. The statistics appear under the special heads to which they refer. Thus, out of 200 cases, vomiting was present in 73, and either altogether absent or very rare in 127; in 164 cases out of 200, the appetite was bad, in 62 natural, capricious in 11, and craving in 5; and, still taking 200 as the integer, dyspnoea or shortness of breathing occurred 91 times. Dr. Child admits that his memoranda on the last point were deficient "in not distinguishing the different causes that produced" the affection. We should suspect that the direct cause was in many cases some actual affection of the mucous membrane of the respiratory organs, though originating in derangement of the stomach or liver, or both—unless, indeed, the 200 cases of Dr. Child are a mere arbitrary number selected from some larger amount; in which case, little or nothing is proved as to comparative frequency, because we want data to get at a true average. This statistical oversight seems to prevail throughout, except where the whole number was affected by the symptom; and the particulars show its proportionate character and intensity, as in the statistics of pain.

After so much has been written on the subject of digestion, as well for the patient as the profession, little of novelty can now be looked for. Dr. Child's book, however, has that character which belongs to an opinion formed direct from the subject, instead of derived from the hints or the conclusions of other men. Though rather addressed to the profession than to the public, it is popular in

its style, and, what is better, sensible in its views. We take a few examples on topics generally intelligible.

A GOOD WORD FOR COOKS.

"From time immemorial it has been customary to heap blame on a highly useful class, and to regard cooks as plotters against the health of the people; 'Innumerabiles esse morbos miraris! coquos numeras.' Cookery, however, is not a mere luxury; but a necessary art adopted both by civilized and savage nations. Its proper object is to prepare the crude food, and bring it to the state that best fits it for digestion. The question therefore arises, whether the cookery of the rich or of the poor be most conducive to this end.

"When meat is roasted in the way which best prepares it for yielding to the solvent action of the gastric juice, it ought not to be overdone, as mastication is thereby impeded, and the fibres hardened so as to be almost impermeable to that fluid; nor ought it to be underdone, as some of the advantage of cooking in making the fibres short and tender is thereby lost. Neither should meat be over-boiled, because when the soluble part has been dissolved out of it, little is left but a hard, stringy mass—the portion, in short, that is least digestible. Now it is evident that these details are more likely to be attended to in the well-appointed kitchens of the rich, than in the poor man's dwelling, where there is seldom much time left for nicety in cooking. Even in respect to 'made dishes,' from which it is thought the poor are safe, there lies a fallacy. It would, perhaps, not be technically correct to call by that name the messes and stews of humble life; yet in point of fact their composition is much the same. Made dishes, for the most part, consist of various meats with fat and seasoning. Now, although these must always be deemed heavy, and of course not suited to delicate stomachs, still if the fat be fresh, in moderate quantity, and not too long exposed to heat, they are on the whole very superior in point of digestibility to what I am about to compare them. In the 'made dishes' or messes eaten by the poor man, we probably find the meat tough, the fat bordering on rancidity; and to him, moreover, greasiness is seldom an objection. Besides this, the same dish is often warmed up again and again, and all its bad qualities are thus made worse by long exposure to heat and air. Such appears to me to be the chief difference in the style of cooking; and it is quite obvious that the former is the least prejudicial of the two. The real mischance of a well-cooked dinner is less in the dishes than in the want of self-denial in those partaking of them, who cannot stop eating when they have had enough: surely, however, it is unjust to hold the cook responsible for their intemperance. The former brings us food in a state as favorable to digestion as the mode in which it is ordered to be made ready will permit; and it is no fault of his, if for want of a little self-denial, we convert this advantage into a cause of disease."

USE OF BREAKFAST TO THE BILIOUS.

"A certain amount of bilious congestion seems to be natural in the morning. That the bile is periodically stored up, might be inferred from the anatomical structure of the liver, which has not only its system of ducts, but also a gall-bladder to hold that fluid until it is wanted: experimental research, moreover, has shown that little bile escapes into the duodenum except during digestion. For four or

five hours, therefore, after eating, the liver is slowly drained of its bile; but when digestion is finished, the flow stops, and the liver gathers up a supply against the next repast. Hence it is after fasting that the liver is most fully charged with bile; and as the period of longest abstinence is between the evening meal and breakfast, it follows that there will always be towards morning a natural accumulation of bile, which any of the causes already mentioned may convert into morbid engorgement. * * * Hence, many who are bilious in the morning feel themselves relieved after breakfast; in other words, after some bile has been drained from the congested liver. Acting on this hint, I have often recommended a light supper to prevent morning biliousness, and sometimes with success. It keeps the bile flowing during a part at least of the night, and thus shortens the period of accumulation."

From the New York Observer.

A BLIND AND MOTIONLESS SUFFERER.

In the fall of 1833, at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and in the family of the excellent man who had charge of the boarding establishment, I found his son, a lad then about ten years old, under circumstances that deeply enlisted my sympathies. He was the victim of a scrofulous disease, which affected his joints so as to prevent him from walking, without great difficulty. At this interesting age to be shut in doors with a lingering disease, with no prospect of being able to go abroad to learn, seemed so painful, that I was led to ask the privilege of visiting him daily to guide his studies, knowing that from within must come all the streams of pleasure which he could expect to enjoy in life.

He was ready to learn, and indeed made rapid progress in everything to which his mind was directed. Every day, too, we conversed of God, of the soul, its capacity to enjoy and suffer in this life and the next; and there was pleasure in seeing that his mind was ripening rapidly, and his thoughts fastening on heavenly and divine things.

When I left the seminary I took leave of him, but have never ceased to feel a lively interest in his situation. His subsequent history is worthy of being recorded for the physician and the Christian, and I find a melancholy satisfaction in gathering the following facts. His father removed with him to this city, where he died on the 9th ult., aged 26 years. He was the brother of the Rev. J. A. Cary, Professor in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum here.

For nearly twenty years Charles Augustus Cary had been the victim of a disease of a scrofulous rheumatic character, which was at times exceedingly painful. In its progress every joint in his system became stiffened, so that he was deprived entirely of the use of his limbs, and became incapable of voluntary motion, except in the muscles attached to the face. When in this state, acute inflammation in his eyes resulted in the loss of the substance of both of them, and consequently perfect blindness, and, for a time, there was an almost certain prospect of total deafness. But a kind Providence was pleased to avert so fearful a calamity, and, though motionless and blind, his hearing was, in a good degree, preserved to the close of life.

His mental powers were naturally of a high order, and his bodily infirmities exerted only in an indi-

rect way an unfavorable influence on their development. He had nearly completed the studies preparatory to a collegiate course of education, when the disease reached, almost simultaneously, his hands and eyes, and deprived him, ever after, of their assistance in his personal efforts for mental improvement. He was favored, however, with an opportunity of hearing much reading, and with special facilities for thought and reflection. His memory, also, was remarkably retentive. With these advantages, his knowledge was extensive, accurate and well-arranged, and his conversation was instructive and entertaining.

It was often a pleasure to him to commit to memory passages of Scripture, and selections of poetry and prose from favorite authors, as they were read to him. This was an easy task. In a short time he thus committed one of the books in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The solution of difficult mathematical problems afforded him occasionally an agreeable occupation. By a mental process entirely he would multiply large numbers together with perfect accuracy; in one case, fifteen figures by fifteen, making a product of thirty figures.

With a mind thus vigorous and active, we might anticipate restlessness and impatience under his singular and painful confinement. But not more remarkable was he for suffering than for uniform patience and cheerfulness. No murmuring words ever escaped his lips, and no look or tone indicated his often intense and acute pains, unless they forced from him an involuntary shriek or momentary contortion, which was almost immediately followed by a smile or a cheerful word.

CHILDHOOD'S SORROW.*

On! childhood's woe is bitter;
It ever makes me grieve
To mark the pale lip quiver,
The little bosom heave;
But cruel is the chiding,
When tears unbidden rush,
The tyranny that sealeth
The fountain in its gush.

It is a sight for pity,
That tearless, choking grief,
When sobs are inly struggling,
That may not find relief.
Alas! when age forgetteth
The pangs of early years,
And striveth to debar them
The privilege of tears.

Ye may forbid the murmur,
Nor yet for crying spare;
But chide ye not their weeping,
Whose lot it is to bear.
Those tears that flow so quickly
Shall prove an April shower,
That passeth soon and leaveth
No stain upon the flower.

Woe worth the worldly wisdom,
That, in its iron mood,
Would teach that young heart hardness,
And deem such hardness good!
The stoic's stern enduring
Is no lesson of our God;
He would not have his children
Despise the chastening rod.

* From *Scenes of Childhood*. Nottingham: Dearden, 1843.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

TO THE SHIP OF WAR JAMESTOWN.

BY JOHN BROOKS FELTON.

From the clouds whence the lightning, death-laden,
hath burst,
The soft shower is sent, and the young flower nurst,
And the earth is with beauty endued;
The wind, in whose rage the huge forest is whirled,
Bears the blessings of commerce and peace through
the world;—

God's agents of woe all work good;
But thou! mighty ship, built by man to destroy,
Thou! the first of thy race, bear'st an errand of joy.

So of old when Elijah proclaimed the stern will,
"These years shall not rain fall, no dews shall distil,"

And Famine scowled fierce on the land—
The bird of ill omen, whose fear-thrilling croak
Falls chill on the heart, as Death's angel had spoke,
Submissive obeyed God's command;

And the beak, which had revelled in carnage and
blood,

To the desert, love-guided, bore mercy and food.

Ship! whose proud mission is, Love's freight to bear,
When winds, winged with blessings and heart-uttered
prayer,

O'er the ocean, have sped thy return;
Oh ne'er may the deck be polluted with strife,
Which to famine-worn millions went pregnant with
life,

Ne'er thy dark sides with death's fires burn!
Black raven! God-sent to the desert with food,
Oh! return not again to thy carnage and blood!

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

Oh be not angry, chide her not,
Although the child has erred,
Nor bring the tears into her eyes
By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnnet sang, before
Our summer roses died,

A sister's arm was round her neck,
A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone
By every flowering bed,
That sister's clasping arm is cold,
That brother's voice has fled.

And when she sits beside my knee
With face so pale and weak,
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not, but whisper now
"Thy trespass is forgiven,"

How canst thou frown in that pale face?
She is the last of seven.

REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.—The people of the American colonies in Africa, agreeably to the recommendation of the Colonization Society, are preparing to assert their national independence. Says a letter from Dr. Lugenbeel, (colored,) under date of Monrovia, Feb. 6th—

"According to the decision of the Legislature, an election is to be held on the third Tuesday in February in all the settlements in the commonwealth for delegates to a national convention, to be held at Monrovia, on the first Monday in July, for the purpose of framing a constitution, and making other necessary arrangements preparatory to a formal declaration of sovereignty. The constitution will be laid before the people as early as practicable after the convention, and the people are to decide by solemn vote, on the last Monday in September, whether the constitution, presented by the convention, shall be adopted or not. In case a majority of the people shall reject the constitution, the delegates will meet again in convention and prepare another draft, or make such amendments as will suit the wishes of the people; which new draft will likewise be laid before the people, for their adoption or rejection. The new government will not go into operation before the 1st of January, 1848."

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Twenty dollars will pay for 4 copies for a year.

COMPLETE SETS to the end of 1846, making eleven large volumes, are for sale, neatly bound in cloth, for

twenty dollars, or two dollars each for separate volumes. Any numbers may be had at 12 cents.

AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.